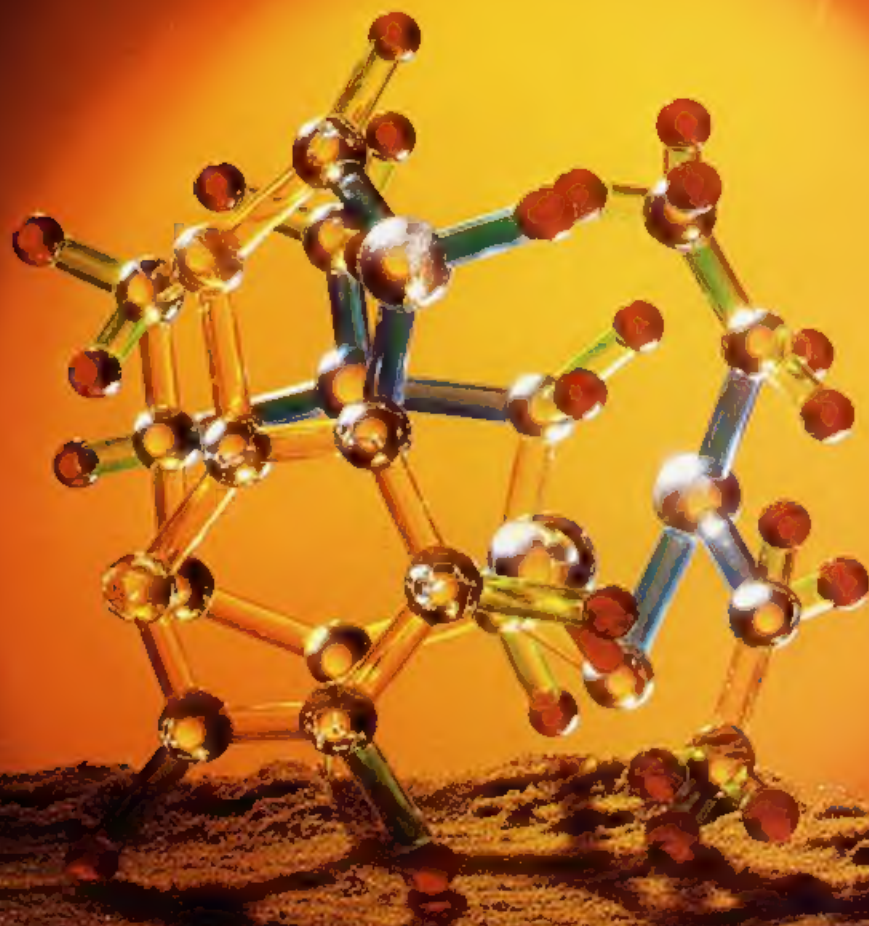


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HIGH TIMES

AUGUST 1984

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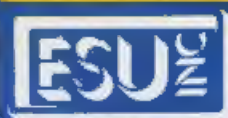
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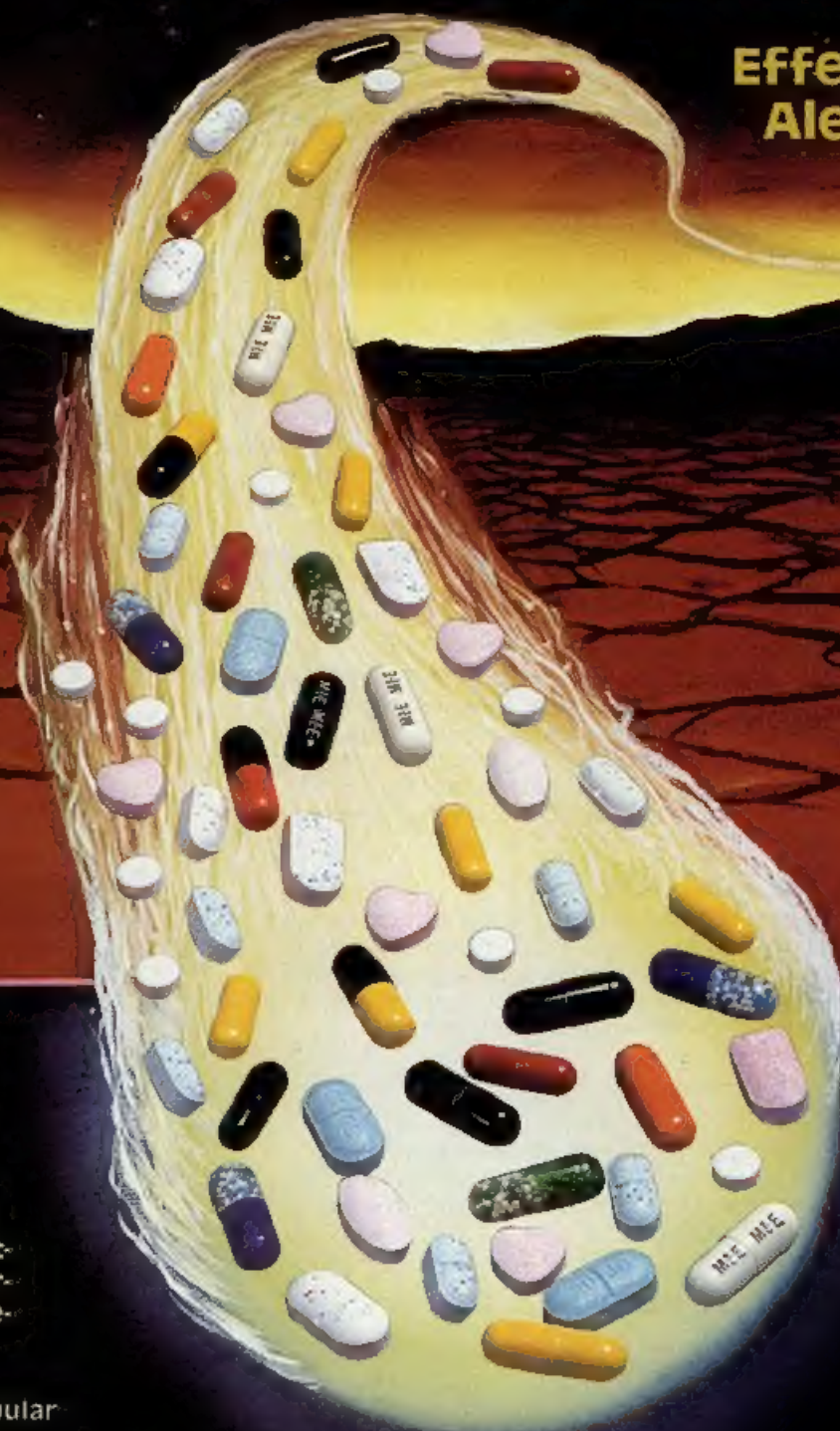
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HIGH TIMES

No. 108 August '84

FEATURES

Cover photograph: exact replica of an LSD molecule • Steve Cooper

Symposium: The Aspen Criminal Law Seminar, Part I: Surveillance

Last February the annual Advanced Criminal Law Seminar was held in Aspen, Colorado. Among those in attendance were some of the nation's most prestigious dope lawyers, along with two Special Agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration and the sheriff of Pitkin County. In this, the first of a two-part series, Special Agent Richard D. Barrett discussed his agency's law-enforcement tactics, concentrating on their use of electronic bugs and wiretaps

32

Ask Ed by Ed Rosenthal

It's been exactly one year since we began running our Ask Ed column. And during this time Ed's gotten thousands of letters from all over the world—questions on everything from sexing to making homebrew. Many of you have also shared your expertise with him by contributing personal growing tips. Says Ed, "The readers have done a great job—I've really been amazed at the level of sophistication of the questions. Just tell them to keep those cards and letters coming in." Consider yourselves told

38

Centerfold: Announcing: The Gold Card

50

Being High, Part II: Psychedelics by Norman E. Zinberg, M.D.

"My daughter very specifically says she doesn't want me to be tripping. At least not in her presence. And that's the arrangement. That's an important restraint on me, by the way. She says, 'Daddy, I don't want to be around you when you're tripping. You act funny and I'm afraid that the car is going to crash and you're going to be arrested by the police.' She sees this on TV, as a matter of fact. So I said, 'Okay, that's the deal.'" The acid experience, phenomenologically speaking

52

One White Tab, Part I by William Meyers

A person's first trip on pure LSD-25 is almost assuredly going to affect them as much as any other single event in their life. Gene sensed this, and it was, in part, the reason for his anxiety. Yet he was sure he wanted to go ahead with it. "But it was the kind of sure you tell yourself you are, standing on the end of the high-dive board," he had observed. New fiction from our typesetter

56

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

U.S. Money Supply Gilded with Coke! . . . Customs Kidnaps Eastern Airliner . . . Narc "Students" Shake up Schools . . . "Mayor": Death to Dealers! . . . Millipedes Emit Natural 'Lude . . . Scientists Eye Chemical Key to Addiction . . . DEA Ducks Payment for 'Quat Suit

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Trans-High Market Quotations

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40 G.I. Joe Goes to the Drug War... Kicking and Screaming

by Dean Latimer

In 1981, Congress, yielding to right-wing pressure groups, amended the Posse Comitatus Act, which, in effect, gave the military the green light to involve themselves in civilian law enforcement. (Read: to go after drug smugglers.) Everyone (including the Department of Defense) was against the idea and predicted failure. But nobody had any idea what a spectacular failure it would be until the General Accounting Office released its report on the whole operation.



44 The Book of Hours, 1964-1973,

by William Burroughs

Published for the first time anywhere, this month—the scrapbooks of William Burroughs. Written throughout the course of his extensive travels, they are reproduced in color—a bizarre mosaic reflecting contemporary issues and timeless themes.



62 Cloning for Sex

by Jorge Cervantes

Far and away the question most often asked us by readers is, "What's the best way to determine the sex of my plants?" Okay, now pay attention: The surest and most efficient way to sex your plants is by cloning them. Plus, with an indoor crop, using clones and a 1000-watt halide, a cultivator can harvest a roomful of sinsemilla in just four months. Wanna learn how?

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August 1984 • No. 108 • HIGH TIMES (ISSN #0362-630X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Robert Aronson, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$24.50, 24 issues for \$44.50 • Single copy price: \$3.25 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$30.50, 24 issues for \$56 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$30.50 • All other countries by airmail: \$59 • Offices at 17 West 60th St., New York, NY 10023 • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Copyright © 1984 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. All advertising and advertising products void where prohibited. Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

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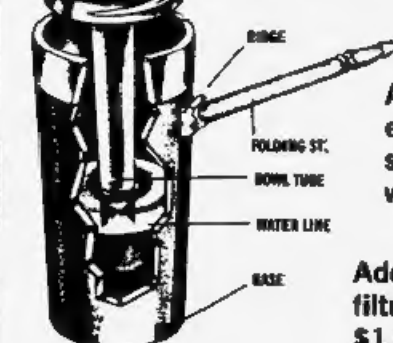
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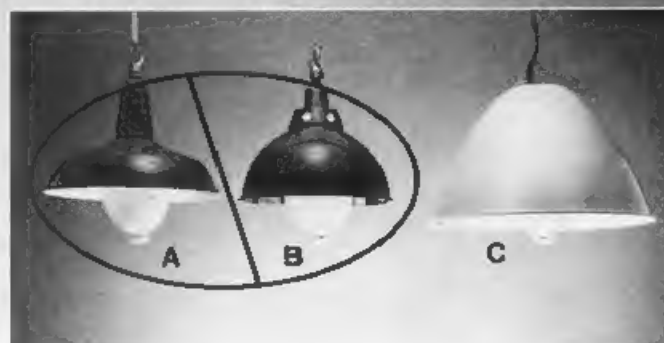
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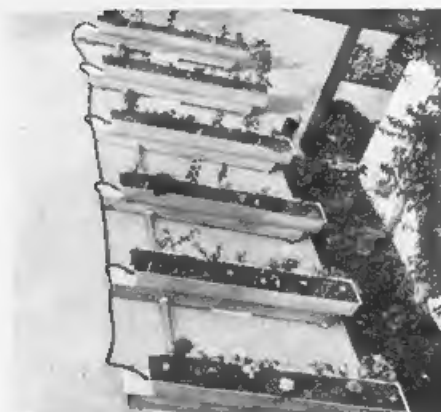


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"R" Under Fire

Editor:

As are most of Charles Bukowski's stories, "Vengeance of the Damned" [HIGH TIMES, May '84] was a totally absorbing, entertaining narrative. Truly a Jack Kerouac of the '80s. His stories, along with Ed Rosenthal's growing articles, are what I buy HIGH TIMES for.

Speaking of Ed R., thanks for the informative interview in May. I just wish it had been longer.

Enough of the bravos. Again I must complain about the fact that although HIGH TIMES is reputed to be the source of info on dope, especially my favorite, cannabis, I have still not seen an article from "R" that rates his self-proclaimed title of "Connoisseur." In the last year he has put down one of the best strains of homegrown sinse (indica), refused to rate last year's domestic best, and has spoken of the pleasures (!) of *prayer* and *not smoking!*

Some people call being high "getting fucked up." So, let's call "R" HIGH TIMES' "fucked-up Connoisseur," and get someone *else* to write about cannabis. I mean, in his last article, "Now I Lay Me Down to Smoke" [May, '84], he spent the briefest of paragraphs on the plain, green, Indian-grown smoke of the area. I found the high interesting, the fact that it was grown by Indians interesting, etc., and feel that "R" in fact could have devoted his entire article to enlightening us readers to this cannabis. Its taste, texture and high, the land it was grown in, more about the medicine men of the Ojibwa, are what we want to hear about.

I don't think "El Exigente" would bother about such things as his girlfriend's cabin, or running through the woods, to enlighten the world to his expertise on coffee. Let's see a *real* connoisseur's article, "R"—I mean, shit or get off the pot!!

—J.C. McCarthy, Jr.
Simsbury, Conn.

A Kind Word

Editor:

This is just a note to let you know that me and many others appreciate and look forward to your issues. As far as we're concerned, your magazine is



Wild Kingdom

Editor:

Here's a picture of Indiana's finest. I thought some of your readers would get a kick out of the bat sleeping in my plants. These shots were taken about a month and a half before harvest, the garden eventually becoming a whole bunch of top-grade stuff. By the way, we really appreciate your Ask Ed column and we've actually used some of his ideas. It would really make our day if you published this picture.

—Papa Smik
Ind.

Consider it made.—Ed.

one of a kind. I imagine you have endured a lot of pressure from all sides over the years, but keep going. We are glad you have survived and will always enjoy your magazine.

—Jeff Austin
Jean, Nev.

Thanks for the encouragement,
Jeff.—Ed.

Mr. Excitement

Editor:

The Steve Cooper photo spread in your May '84 issue was a real kick in the pants. Reprising some of your most notorious pictorials with behind-the-scenes info as to what actually happens at one of those photograph sessions was a happy way to please and instruct your readers. If all those stories in the magazine are true, Steve Cooper must lead a very exciting life.

Keep up the good work.
—Alan
Chicago, Ill.

What "New Music"?

Editor:

Reading the excerpt from *Hardcore California* in your May '84 issue brought some things to mind. Each

generation has had its share of genuinely untalented, yet nonetheless ambitious, "artistes," but never has the power of the American marketing machinery been thrown behind such a group—until now. Whether it's MTV, late-night network music shows, department stores selling Billy Idol T-shirts, FM radio stations with exclusive "new music" playlists or major motion pictures starring manufactured rock stars, it all boils down to the same thing: American business using self-promoting frauds to sell a fraudulent product.

—Edward S.
Detroit, Mich.

Your point's well-taken, Edward, but by no means is it a new phenomenon. Remember Frankie Avalon, Shelley Fabares, the Shindogs and the Monkees? Same scam then as now, only the technique's slicker.—Ed.

Shocking Behavior

Editor:

You've done a valuable service in reprinting selections of the correspondence between two Georgia congressmen and Carlton Turner, director of the Office of Drug Abuse Policy, regarding the illegal paraquatting of a

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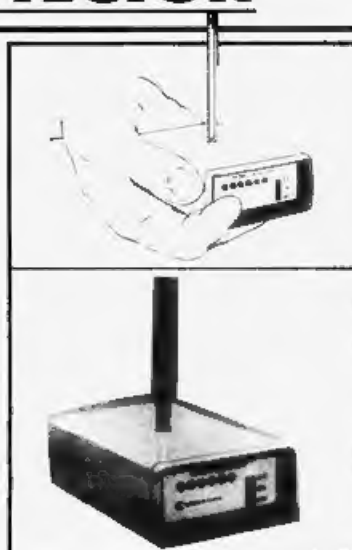
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LETTERS

/ continued from page 7

small pot patch back in August of '83 ["The Paraquat Papers," *HIGH TIMES*, Apr. '84]. Informed Americans have long since stopped expecting to hear the truth from Turner's office, or, for that matter, from the Drug Enforcement Administration, but the fact that these bureaucrats would tell outright lies to members of Congress must give even the most jaded among us pause. At any rate, thanks for printing the story, even though it further eroded my confidence in the present administration's ability to deal effectively with drug abuse.

—Janet Rauch
New York City

Sex Offenders

Editor:

Regarding your "Sprig of the Month" in the April '84 issue: While I've yet to make up my mind definitively as to whether a photograph of a bare-breasted woman with a ten-inch bud sticking out of her bikini bottom is sexist, I do think you guys might be unconsciously revealing more about your psychosexual makeup than you'd wish to.

—Arlene S.
New Haven, Conn.

Ed: Getting the Space He Needs

Editor:

Interviewing Ed Rosenthal was a wonderful idea. I've been reading his column in your magazine for the past year and as a result I have picked up some valuable growing tips. I've always felt, though, that he should be given some space to expound his political/cultural views—and the May interview did just that. There's more to Rosenthal's mind than improved gardening techniques (though that's an important part of it).

Thanks, Ed, and thanks,
HIGH TIMES.

—Mark Guilmet
Bloomington, Ind.

Ed: Telling It Like It Is

Editor:

Three cheers for Ed Rosenthal and his comments on the superior abilities of American cultivators. I've traveled and smoked all over the world and my

/ continued on page 12

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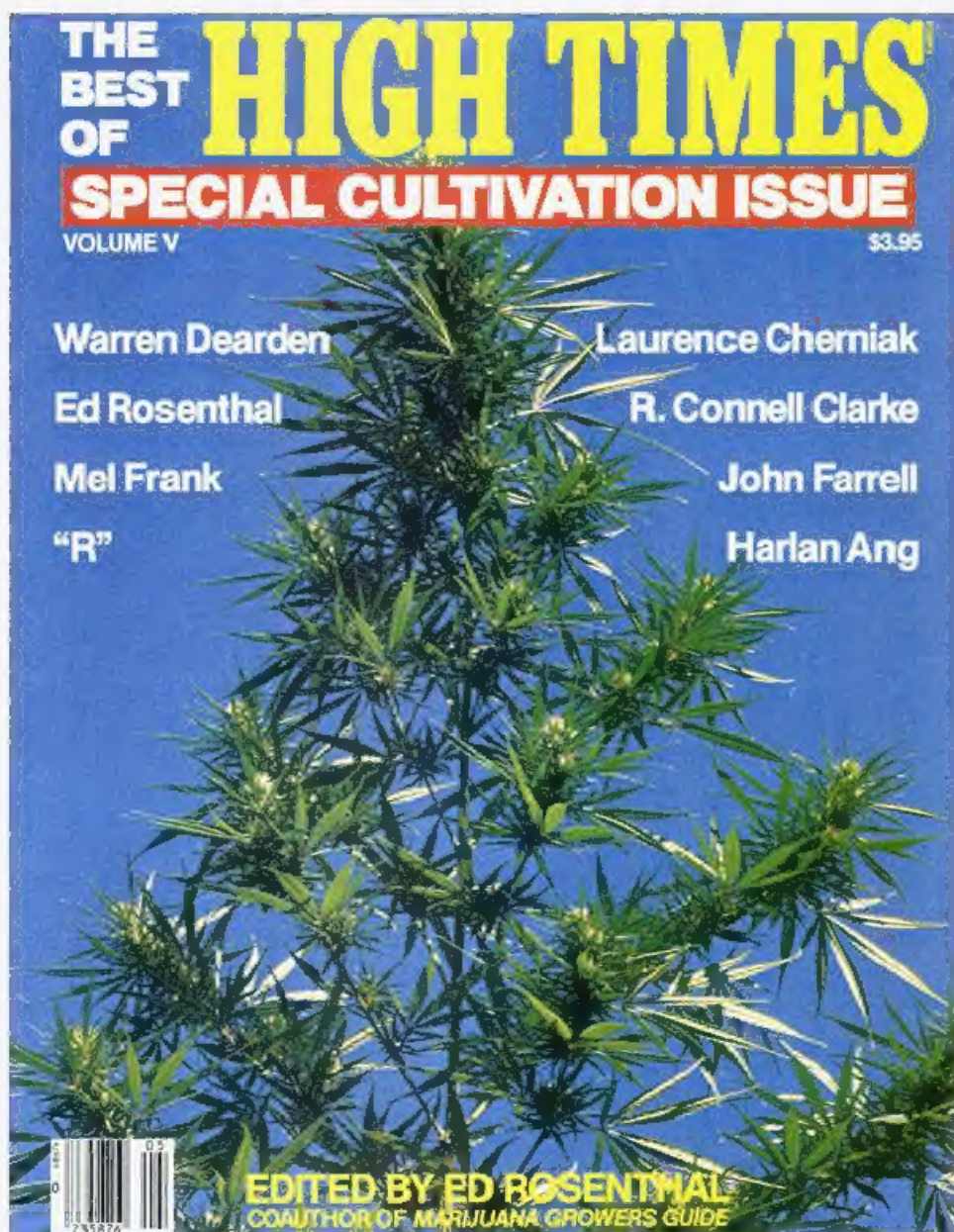
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Fahrenheit 451 or Fight!

The Metropolitan Police Department of London has an "Obscene Publications" branch, whose officers have their own club tie. It bears the knitted motif of a book being cut in half by a pair of scissors. Thus, there's a commendable esprit de corps among this clutch of special-thought police, and since last fall they've been burning up the bookstores with a vigor unseen since the great *Lady Chatterly's Lover* prosecutions of the 1950s.

The sensuous four-letter utterances of noblewomen being rogered in the daisies by their grounds keepers no longer offend the sensibilities of the lads of the Metro's Dirty Books Division, however. The four-letter word nowadays is *drug*. They swept a sober legal compendium called *Drug Laws of the World* off the stands last winter, for example, citing the Misuse of Drugs Act of 1971; in that this book advises people of the criminal drug statutes of other countries, the constables reasoned, it must "cause such persons as might purchase or obtain the said book to possess such drugs named therein as cocaine, cannabis and psilocybin." And once they'd charged it as a "drugs" book, there was nothing to keep them from citing *Drug Laws of the World* for contravening the Obscene Publications Act of 1964.

In this context, it was only natural for them to also sweep up Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception*, Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and William S. Burroughs' *Junky*. And of course they took up the *Marijuana Growers Guide*, and any available copies of *HIGH TIMES*, and any old underground comic books—*Dope Comix*, *Cocaine Comix*, *Amazing Love Stories*—and *Cannabis Alchemy*, and the *Cocaine Consumer's Handbook*, and *Guide to British Psilocybin Mushrooms*, and about 240 other titles. . .

The single title they went after with the most savage ardor was *Mama Coca*, a thoroughly sober, archae-anthropological tract on the history of the coca plant and cocaine in South America, published in 1980 by an Anglo-



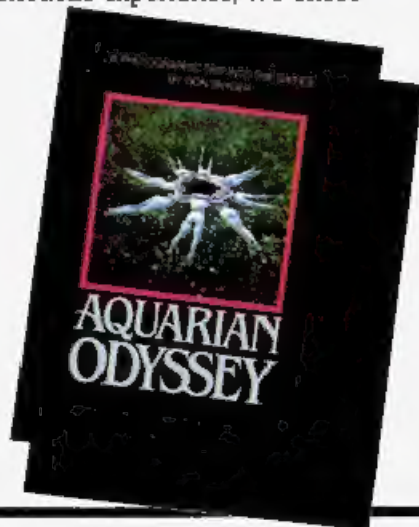
Steve Cooper

Brazilian anthropologist named Anthony Henman. Although *Mama Coca* despairingly blames the South American cocaine trade for every enormity from the proliferation of fascism there to the extinction of the Amazonian Indians, it also has awful things to say about corruption among international narcotics officials. *Mama Coca* raised quite a ruckus in police circles when it came out in 1980 from a little British publishing house called Hassle Free Press, and so now all 4,000 remaining copies

/ continued on page 16

Forward into the Past

To illustrate "Being High, Part II," an article that explores the varieties of the psychedelic experience, we chose



a photograph from Don Snyder's *Aquarian Odyssey*. First published in 1979, Snyder's book is a fascinating visual essay which chronicles the hallmark events of the Acid Age. In it are shots of the early Dead, Janis Joplin, Tim Leary, Tuli Kupferberg. Scenes of the Woodstock festival, Haight-Ashbury, the East Village, plus love-ins, happenings and light shows. The book is still available in a limited supply as a quality paperback. If you'd like one, send \$9.95 plus \$1.95 postage and handling (New Jersey residents please add 6% sales tax) to: The Aquarian Continuum, Ltd., P.O. Box 2, North Brunswick, NJ 08902. Money orders are filled within 24 hours. Checks must clear two weeks before shipping. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.





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LETTERS

/ continued from page 8

experience bears out Ed's remark that "The best pot is in the United States. . . American growers really understand marijuana." The reason for this is, I think, that in most of the other growing countries the growers are not into smoking grass, and have little knowledge, or care, for that matter, as to what makes a good smoke. Just thought I'd let you know that it wasn't chauvinism that led Ed to make that statement, but fact. I myself am not American.

—Ethan Hughes
British Columbia

Almost Scared Straight

Editor:

I'm seventeen and have been smokin' and tokin' for about three years. Tonight I watched a show about pot and alcohol. It seems that they are sure that every teenager is hooked on drugs. Anyway. . . They said anyone can get hooked on pot in less than three to five months. *Bullshit!*

About two years ago I got caught for two stupid-ass pin joints at school. It scared me so I quit for about three or four months and I never craved a joint. So I was wondering if you have any info about getting addicted to the fine herb cannabis?

—Name suppressed
Atlanta, Ga.

Nope, you don't get addicted to weed. It doesn't happen. Simple as that. Those bozos lied to you right over your television. —Ed.

Marijuana in Therapy

Editor:

I am presently undergoing chemotherapy for acute myelocytic leukemia. Every eight weeks I go for a ten-day treatment consisting of shots of Cytosar every twelve hours. I also take daily doses of thioguanine in pill form during this ten-day period.

This stuff makes you puke your guts out for hours, so my doctor wrote me a script for some Compazine. It's supposed to relieve the side effects, but the only relief I got was in the weight of my wallet.

I had quit smoking pot just before I was first hospitalized, but now when I get my shots I smoke two or three

/ continued on page 14



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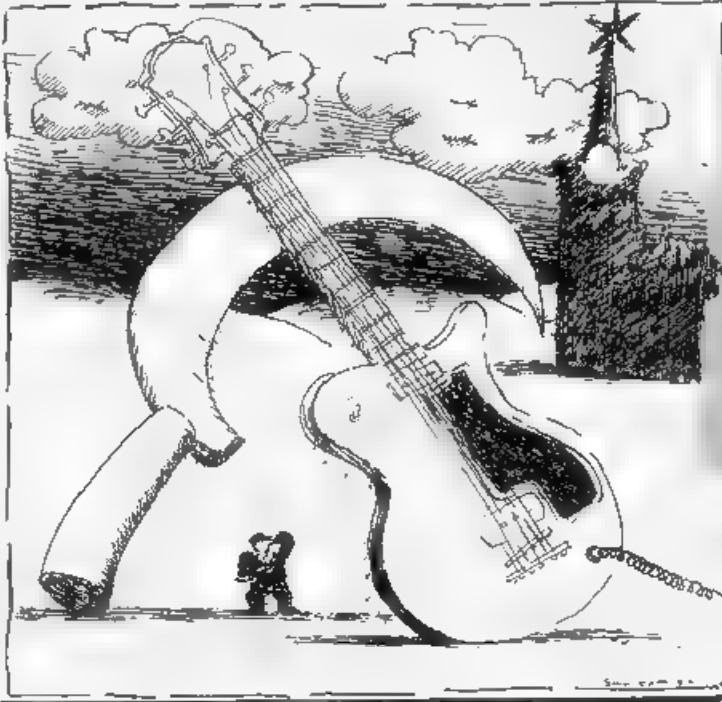
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You Can't Tell the Players Without a Scorecard Dept. . . .

The following question and answer ran in a local Montana paper and was sent to us by Robert Hildebrand



Page 8A—BULLETIN-JOURNAL, Cape Girardeau, Mo., Tues., Jan. 31, 1984

DEAR SPEAK OUT: Tonight my 16-year-old daughter, who is a cheerleader at Central High School in Cape, was telling me about Lennon's Tomb in Russia. She told me about how many thousand people visit Lennon's Tomb every day. We both want to say that we think this is a total injustice to have the grave of this former ex-Beatle buried in a communist country. Maybe his music wasn't like everyone's, but he was a great songwriter and was a member of a group who influenced American pop music more than any other group. It has never been proven he wrote any music pertaining to communism. My daughter discussed this with all her teachers and classmates at Cape Central High, and they all agree Lennon's Tomb should be moved to Liverpool, England, where this man can rest in peace. All Cape Central students and teachers are asked to voice their support as they have so strongly in the past at our school. Finally, Cape Central High students want to know why is Lennon's Tomb in Russia and not in England where it belongs? Thank you.

We hope you're kidding, but in case you're not, we're afraid you have your "Lennon's" mixed up. The Lenin buried in Russia is Vladimir Lenin, who was responsible for the 1917 Communist overthrow of the Kerensky government. John Lennon, the ex-Beatle killed by John Hinckley, Jr. in 1980, was cremated, and his ashes spread over Central Park.

Good try, Bulletin-Journal, but just for the record, it was Mark David Chapman who killed John Lennon, not John Hinckley, Jr. Hinckley was the would-be assassin of President Reagan, if you remember, and he was driven to commit his attack on the president by a love obsession for ABC News commentator Jody Powell.

Ira in India

Photographer-poet-New Age raconteur Ira Cohen took this photograph of a no-frills cremation along the banks of the Bagmati River in Katmandu, Nepal, during his 10-year sojourn in the East. This particular shot is one of a series depicting religious persons and themes along with glimpses of secular life recently exhibited at the V Lessing Gallery in New York City. Next month HIGH TIMES will present a Cohen portfolio featuring a selection of these photographs along with others never before shown.



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LETTERS

/ continued from page 12

joints during the day and feel fine. Instead of lying in bed all day retching, I can lead a normal life during my treatments.

I've done some reading about cases like Robert Randall's, and would appreciate any information you could give me concerning legal permission to smoke weed while I'm getting my shots.

—High hopes,
Ariz

The best reference source for the use of pot in chemotherapy is Marijuana in Medicine, by Seattle physician Roger A. Roffman (Madrona Publishers, Inc., 2116 Western Ave., Seattle WA 98121). Since the availability of pot for cancer patients always depends on a mass of ever-changing bureaucratic regulations, you'd do best to check out the current Arizona rules with Bob Randall himself, at the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics in Washington: (202) 483-8595.—Ed

Inflated Figures

Editor:

I have been a constant reader of HIGH TIMES for over six years; during that time I've found the magazine an excellent source of information and entertainment.

As a connoisseur myself, I think "R"'s column is one of the best in the book and I'm envious of his position as the "true" Connoisseur. I tip my hat to you, "R."

The main reason I am writing, though, is to comment on the Trans-High Market Quotations. The Area Bulletin was and still is the highlight of the report, but prices found there, and in the national market as well, are a bit high, to say the least. If I didn't know better I'd say you got your prices from the police. Why don't you print the mailing address of the THMQ on the same page as the prices, to facilitate reader response? As it is now, the address is real hard to find when you're stoned.

—M D.

Hackensack, N.J.

Thanks for the tip—we'll use it. Until we make the change, those of you wishing to send in your price quotes can mail them to THMQ, c/o HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.—Ed.



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/ continued from page 10

of the first edition are in the evidence bin of the London Metropolitan Police, having been swept off bookshelves in all the major cities of England.

The owners of nine bookstores and two book-distribution companies stand charged with violating the Misuse of Drugs Act and the Obscene Publications Act, and will be tried for it this October at the venerable Old Bailey in London. And if they wind up convicted (it's a 15-year rap), it will not

be a day and a night before the cops over here in America will be doing the same morally uplifting thing with these same dastardly books and comics. If you don't like the idea of your personal moral tone being set by the police, you might send a few defense dollars to Right to Read, c/o Last Gasp Publishing, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Or, to Knockabout Comics at 249 Kensal Rd., London W10, Great Britain.

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An 11-inch Styrofoam voodoo doll of Ronald Reagan has put the president in imminent danger of being hexed, according to "experts" at the *Globe* newspaper. The doll has the power "to focus a lot of negative energy around the president," said one "expert," while another maintained that "The evil consequences of the doll could reach right into our own homes." The doll comes complete with stickpins and an incantation which runs, "Voodoo Nomics, Reagan Comics, Brace Yourself for War. The Dollar's Slimmer and Tempers Simmer, While We Target '84. So Cast Your Vote on Reagan's Coat, Weave Your Magic Spell It Just Might Work and Fix This Jerk, You Can't Ever Tell. All Hands Are the Hands of God. All Wills Are the Wills of God." You got that, Mr. Mondale?

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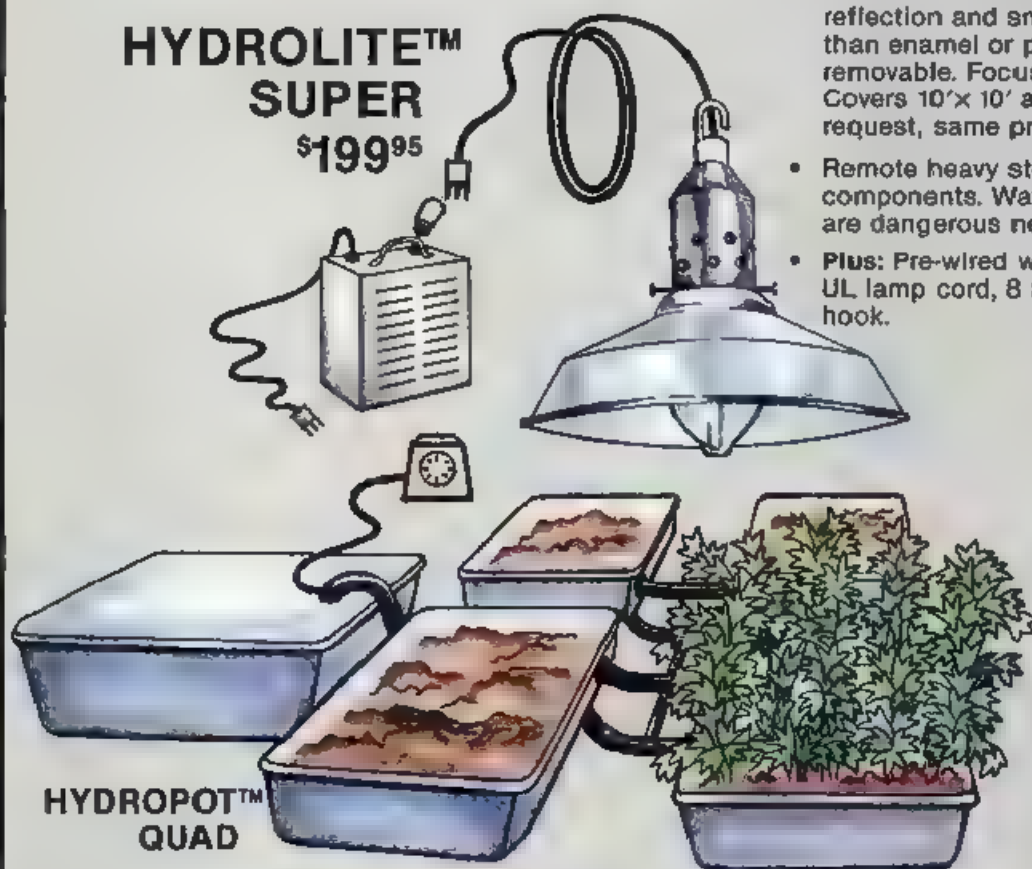
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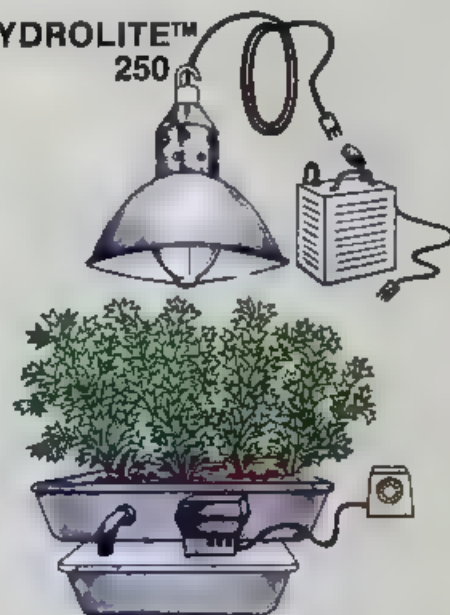
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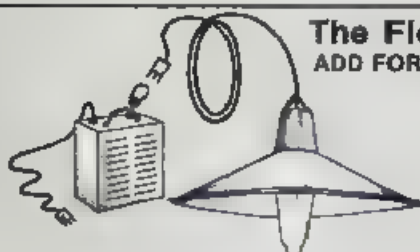


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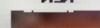
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A BRILLIANT HIGH-TECHNOLOGY PLOY BY FEDERAL narcotics officials to seize large quantities of raw currency has turned up evidence that ought to dismay every honest American: *The entire paper money supply of the United States seems to be contaminated with dope!*

The discovery started out modestly enough last spring, when an agent for the southeastern Presidential Drug Task Force observed a couple of Mexican nationals (whose names will be suppressed here) in an Atlanta bank, each buying a cashier's check with cold cash, for just a little less than \$10,000. Since no more than \$9,999.99 can change hands in American banks without the necessity of federal paperwork, this federal agent suspected that these two Mexicans might be up to something fishy. So he followed them to another branch of the same bank in Atlanta, and when they proceeded to buy another couple cashier's checks for less than \$10,000 apiece, he arrested them for money washing. The charge, exactly, was conspiracy to defraud the U.S. government by laundering money "in aid of a narcotics operation."

The Mexicans eventually retained Atlanta criminal-defense attorney Jack Martin, whose first observation when the case came to trial was to the effect that there was nothing visible in the evidence bin in the way of "narcotics." The evidence consisted of 10,000 twenty-dollar bills which had been found on the defendants' persons, but no visible drugs at all. The defendants ex-

/ continued on page 24



A culprit contaminates a federal reserve note.

CUSTOMS KIDNAPS EASTERN AIRLINER

RANSOM IS ANTISMUGGLING AGREEMENT

M I A M I, F L O R I D A

FIVE TIMES THE U.S. CUSTOMS SERVICE found caches of cocaine on Eastern Airlines Flight 10 from Lima and Panama City, and five times they seized the dope, but the fifth time, on April 24, they also confiscated the entire L-1011 passenger liner that con-

"It was a grandstand play by the assistant Customs director in Miami."

tained the coke. The passengers from Peru and Panama who were continuing on to New York City were minimally inconvenienced by having to transfer to other flights, but Eastern found itself in a Customs hammerlock.

The airliner was released that same day after some serious telephone discussion between Customs Service Commissioner William Von Raab and Eastern's corporate chairman, former moon voyager Frank Borman; but to ransom his company's plane, Borman had to agree to a series of Customs demands. Customs, you see, had been nego-



Commissioner William Von Raab

tiating with a number of airlines for months, attempting to convince the international air carriers, and a number of other shipping firms as well, to adopt a laundry list of anti-smuggling procedures. They formally presented the proposals to a special meeting of commercial shippers in Washington on April 18; the proposals were being "studied," but a number of them raised qualms in the various corporate representatives present.

When the three pounds of coke were discovered, then, on Flight 10 less than a week later—in the avionics section accessible only to the crew—Customs seized the plane straightaway, justifying the confiscation with the argument that Eastern was responsible for control of its own employees. Borman became available to the press almost immediately and branded the seizure "outrageous," but he and Von Raab talked turkey that afternoon. When the parley was over, Eastern had its L-1011 back, and Von Raab was in possession of what he called "a landmark agreement between Eastern and Customs." He sincerely prayed the agreement would "serve as a model for other airlines to follow."

But the next day, high officials at Eastern were less than pleased; they were still insisting that the kidnapping of their L-1011 was illegal, and Borman continued to complain. "The seizure of the plane was an absolutely incredible performance," he fumed. "We have never refused any government request that would not impact safety. It was a grandstand play by the assistant Customs director in Miami." Eastern, in fact, had been cooperating "in spades," he said, but stopped short of repudiating the agreement Von Raab had apparently extorted from him.

It was left to the national Air Transportation Association to express the reservations of the rest of the industry over the Borman-Von Raab understanding. Richard Lally, the ATA's chief of security, told the *New York Times*, "The airlines want to help. But it must be in a support role. We're not cops. We don't have the authority." According to Lally, a number of the 20 or so procedures proposed by Customs had already been instituted by the airlines, but others, still under study, were legally or operationally problematic.



Chairman Frank Borman

Eastern, for instance, had agreed to have its employees trained by Customs "to identify unusual circumstances which might indicate that a particular shipment needs further scrutiny by Customs." Clearly, diverting its workers to training programs and conducting these inspections will cost Eastern money; and Eastern, no doubt, also fears becoming liable for damages that could result from searches undertaken in error. The prospect of adopting such a policy cannot be relished by other air carriers whose financial problems have been cataloged throughout the business press.

In another portion of the agreement, Eastern promises to search its planes before they take off from dope-source cities and to certify to Customs that such searches have been conducted. This must make Eastern, and the carriers who have not yet signed, doubly nervous—for if dope is found on planes certified as clean by the airlines themselves, how will the airlines ever be able to claim, in court,

Von Raab continues to insist the confiscation was "perfectly legal."

that they were devoid of responsibility?

But, while Von Raab's plan to compel airline employees to do Customs' work may be difficult for the industry to swallow, the rest of the international shippers may now feel that they've been given an offer they can't refuse. Von Raab continues to insist that the confiscation of Eastern's L-1011 was "perfectly legal" and "completely within the power of the Customs Service." So, if the purveyors of international travel and transport want to keep their 747s and cruise ships, they'd best be reasonable.

NARC 'STUDENTS' SHAKE UP HIGH SCHOOLS

H O L L Y W O O D, C A L I F O R N I A

IT'S A SEASONAL THING NOW in Los Angeles high schools, a solid part of the learning experience: In midterm of the first semester, the narcs enroll as transfer students, and pal up to people and beg them to sell pot. Then, toward the end of the semester, these bright-faced young kiddie narcs show up in their police uniforms, with plenty of larger and stronger policemen behind them, and they bust anybody they want to, pretty much, for "sale" of pot. Over 20 kids were arrested at Taft High School last December alone, and every one of them was routinely expelled from school because of it, to special "rehabilitative" schools where you get watched a whole lot, but you don't gain much in the way of points toward college credit.

Taft principal Charles Caballero gets visibly irritated when asked why he automatically expels every kid who gets fingered by a kiddie narc, even before the case goes before the Juvenile Probation Department. "I have to trust the police," claims Caballero. "I don't have the techniques or the time to go and learn police tactics to make sure no one's violating rights or privacy. Hell, if you can't trust a sworn police officer, who can you trust?" The art of lying under oath, evidently, is not taught to kiddie narcs at Taft High School.

"I would like to be a narc some day," an 11th-grader told the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* after last winter's seasonal wave of pot busts, engineered by undercover narcettes. This girl had obviously reacted properly to what LAPD juvenile-narcotics chief Don La Guardia stipulates quite proudly is a plain-out exercise in long-term behavior modification for the Los Angeles high-school population.

The LAPD wants to instill among high-school students a general distrust of one another, he says, by insinuating its narcs among them regularly every year. La Guardia wants fear of narcs to be "omnipresent"

among the kids. "We want students to be uncomfortable. We want them to think we're everywhere."

For the same reason, La Guardia is definitely not directing his narcettes to go after wholesale PCP or cocaine suppliers in preference to kids who

winter ordered an investigation into just this question: Why are the police in L.A. entrapping schoolkids by chumming up to them, and then nagging them into selling a little pot, instead of going after the older local kids who sell to school students in the first place? Is it really to

prepare for the forthcoming term by trading lots of paranoid rumor and speculation.

"The narcs came in in the middle of the term," a schoolgirl reasoned to the *Herald-Examiner's* Joelle Cohen. "So now anyone who comes in midterm is suspected."

Also to be suspected is anyone who's ever been busted for any sort of criminal offense; they would be snitching off their parole time by setting up other kids.

Skin color is another focus of widespread distrust nowadays. Most of the kids busted in these narcette projects over the last few school years have been black. "Word got out," a black girl tells Cohen, "and a lot of white parents didn't want their kids hanging out with blacks."

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LAPD poisoned the social relations in nine area schools.

are just dumb and susceptible enough to be cozened into selling pot to insistent strangers. "Marijuana is the drug we're after," he says. "That's the drug where they start. If the cocaine price comes down, maybe we'll have to go after cocaine."

The Los Angeles Board of Education, for their part, last

teach kids not to trust each other, and be scared of anyone who so much as mentions marijuana, or cocaine or whatever other thing the LAPD may decide to "crack down" on in any given school season? District school superintendent Harry Handler is currently addressing these questions, while the kids

'MAYOR': DEATH TO DEALERS!

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

"THERE HAS TO COME A point when you, who are responsible for hundreds of people on drugs going out and committing crimes, at some point you have to pay the ultimate penalty," said the man with the bald head and the turtleneck smirk.

Death. That's what best-selling author and New York Mayor Ed Koch was recommending as punishment for multiple-conviction drug defendants. Koch made the above statement with a straight face at a conference of the Urban Research Center of New York University the last week of April. He was referring specifically to people convicted serially for cocaine and heroin dealing.

Koch spoke as a member of a panel of six mayors of large American cities, three of whom firmly disagreed with him. Mayors Maurice Ferre of Miami and Roger Hedgecock of San Diego



Mayor Ed Koch

said they thought Koch might have a point, but Donald M. Fraser of Minneapolis observed that the United States is a violent society and opined that institutionalization of the death penalty would only further aggravate that violence.

Mayors W. Wilson Goode of Philadelphia and Raymond L. Flynn of Boston joined Fraser in insisting that to reduce crime it was necessary to attack poverty, unemployment and a broad spectrum of social conditions

that were generally acknowledged to breed crime. These three also cited the need for improved and expanded rehabilitation programs.

"I know of no successful, substantial rehabilitation program in the whole world," Koch scoffed. As for the relationship between unemployment and crime, he contended that there was "no substantial correlation" at all. Flynn responded that the connection was obvious and direct, and Fraser told Koch he was simply "misreading the facts."

As mayor, Koch, of course, has no direct control over the kinds of penalties meted out for various crimes, but recent opinion polls have shown that voters overwhelmingly support capital punishment, so by taking a vociferous stand on that issue in his coming reelection bid, Koch can gain votes without ever having to fulfill any promises.

MILLIPEDES EMIT NATURAL 'LUDE

C O L U M B I A, M I S S O U R I

THE POPULAR "LOVE TRANQ," Quaalude, was taken out of production in the United States late last year, rendering an uncountable host of downer fanciers permanently disconsolate. And as if on cue, at virtually the same moment in historic time, Mother Nature revealed to scientists that she's been cooking up a version of Quaaludes since the dawn of creation, the benefit—presumably, anyhow—of a species of teeny-tiny, many-legged wood bugs.

Glomeris marginata is a type of millipede—a sort of over-endowed centipede—which inhabits the forest floors of western Europe, abiding peaceably among the soggy twigs and moldy leaves and other compost. When the *Glomeris* bug is threatened, it binds itself up tightly into a well-armored ball,

and from little chunks in its armor exudes tiny globules of a clear fluid. Several years ago German naturalists analyzed this fluid and discovered that it's primarily made up of a chemical that resembles, in every parti-

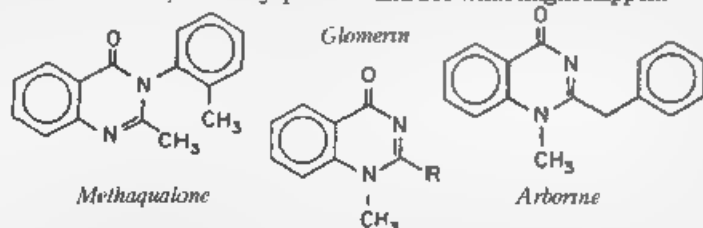
famous "Lemmon 714" Quaaludes off the market forever, biologists at Cornell in New York and at the University of Missouri here decided to feed some glomerin to a likely animal subject, and see what might happen.

shipped in from Holland and England. Each spider was fasted for about a week (wolf spiders rarely eat oftener than about twice a week), and was then presented to the laboratory with a nice fat millipede for its delectation or refusal.

Nearly all the famished spiders—83 out of 89—jumped on the test millipede, of course, which promptly curled up into a defensive ball. Well over half the millipedes, 69, survived the attack, however: 33 of them were not bitten at all, merely "inspected" and rejected by the spiders. Most of those bitten were released immediately afterward, and only 14 were killed.

From Correll's data, reported in the February 1984 *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, it would seem that the

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These molecular diagrams describe the quinoxalines found in pills, millipedes and Indian herbs.

cular structural respect, methaqualone—the sole active ingredient in Quaaludes. This was accordingly dubbed "glomerin," after the bug. Then late last year, just as the Lemmon Company of Sellersville, Pa., was taking its

As a test subject, researcher James Correll here selected the big hairy wolf spider of southern Florida—a nonpoisonous "lycosid" wood spider, typical of bug-eaters everywhere. The *Glomeris* millipedes themselves were

SCIENTISTS EYE CHEMICAL KEY TO ADDICTION

R I C H M O N D, V I R G I N I A

SCIENTISTS APPEAR TO BE ZEROING IN AT LAST ON THE SPECIFIC body chemicals that promote tolerance to opiates. The hormone cholecystokinin (CCK) was discovered last year to work in the body to counteract the effects of the body's own "opiate," the famous beta-endorphin. A team of researchers at the Medical College at Virginia Commonwealth University, led by Dr. David J. Mayer, reported that finding in 1983. Now Dr. Mayer's team has reported, in *Science* magazine, that CCK may be the primary body chemical accounting for opiate tolerance. Heroin addicts commonly do a dose of junk every day that would kill any nontolerant person several times over, and CCK mechanics in the body appear to be the reason for that.

CCK, Mayer's people have found, might aptly be termed "the body's own naloxone." Naloxone, a synthetic substance (called Narcan in emergency wards), literally blocks the activity of all opiates, including beta-endorphin, by blocking the nerve-tissue receptor sites on which opiate molecules operate in the body. Synthetic naloxone has no active properties of its own, except to block "opioid" molecules; but the same is not true of CCK. In tests with animals CCK has been shown to directly modify appetite and feeding behavior.

This discovery has many important implications. For one thing, it may help explain the phenomenon of "phantom hot-shot" overdoses among addicts: people who unaccountably overdose, after years of high-dose heroin use, on doses of smack no higher than their regular daily bag. This problem of "failure of tolerance," widely reported in medical journals, may well be due to the sudden failure of the addict's body to produce the usual addict level of

CCK. Interestingly, such overdoses typically occur when an addict has suddenly moved from a familiar "shooting" environment to a wholly new environment. This fortifies the suspicion that the production of CCK is greatly dependent upon environmental cues.

The Richmond authors themselves point out that their discovery may be important for the treatment of pain in postoperative patients and people with terminal illnesses. By administering proglumide—a drug that blocks the effects of CCK—and morphine together, doctors may be able to keep their patients from developing tolerance to morphine at all, even if administration has to be continued for months or years. (It would also keep the patients from becoming addicted to the drug, of course; but very few pain patients ever get addicted to morphine anyway, even though most hospital physicians and nurses refuse to believe that, and insist on keeping the dose minimal, even if the patient is experiencing great pain.)

Administration of proglumide without morphine also "could enhance the effects of procedures such as acupuncture, which are mediated by endogenous opiates," notes Dr. Mayer, who has studied acupuncture. In some drug-treatment facilities, such as the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco, acupuncture techniques are employed to help opiate addicts through periods of acute narcotics withdrawal. Acupuncture directly stimulates the production of beta-endorphin in the body, causing relaxant and antidepressant effects, besides curbing one's "hunger" for opiate drugs. If proglumide, by arresting the production of endorphin-killing CCK, can accentuate and prolong the effects of acupuncture, it may make for a valuable adjunct with this procedure.

DEA DUCKS PAYMENT FOR 'QUAT SUIT

W A S H I N G T O N D C

THE U.S. DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration (DEA) appears to owe more than \$30,000 to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), but they're reluctant to pay—so reluctant, in fact, that they are engaging in a lengthy federal case to try to escape the debt.

You see, last fall, when DEA began dropping paraquat on pot fields in national forests in violation of the National Environmental Protection Act and paraquat's own labeling restrictions, NORML and a coalition of environmental groups filed separate lawsuits calling for a temporary restraining order against further spraying. Federal District Judge June Green quickly consolidated these two suits into one, and on September 13 issued the restraining order. In the ensuing months the government's case collapsed of its own weakness, and DEA was forced to accept a consent judgment on November 8, promising never to behave in this lawless fashion again.

With the court victory in hand, NORML and the environmental organizations—the Sierra Club, the Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides and Friends of the Earth—demanded that DEA cough up some attorneys' fees: in compensation for what they'd spent to force the government to stop breaking the law. The environmental coalition asked for \$24,981.44, and NORML requested \$29,728.14, based on the amount of lawyer time spent on the case.

DEA acted with remarkable dispatch in coming to terms with nature's watchdogs; by mid March they had negotiated a settlement of \$20,000 with "Sierra Club, et al." But they were making no such deal with the despised pot lobby. In a 25-page memorandum to the court, DEA argued that NORML was not owed a red cent. "While NORML is entitled to ride the Sierra Club train, this Court

should not require the taxpayers to pay the fare," DEA's attorneys metaphorized—insisting rather elliptically that NORML was somehow not "a prevailing party" and "did not contribute significantly" to the case.

This, of course, is contradicted by all of the other parties involved. At this writing, lawyers for the environmental groups have supplied NORML with affidavits confirming that NORML attorneys Kevin Zeese and Peter Meyers made vital contributions to the suit. These must now be submitted to Judge Green along with NORML's own extensive memorandum, and the case drags on.

It is unlikely that Judge Green, who has handled the case with Olympian fairness thus far, will rule that the defendant, DEA, is the best judge of who contributed what to the plaintiff's case;

so NORML expects to win the next round. DEA seems to have anticipated that possibility, however; they argue, for seven of their 25 memorandum pages, that NORML is asking for far too much money—though DEA has never attempted to negotiate with NORML, as it did with Sierra Club, et al., over the amount.

NORML national director Kevin Zeese remains confident that his organization will be awarded fees: "We've been involved in this issue like no one else in the country has," he points out. "I think we'll end up winning; it's just a question of when. They just want to harass us and make it as difficult as possible."

The irony in this tale is that, while DEA whines about taxpayer expense, it continues to spend the money of those same taxpayers to pay its lawyers to

argue about the bill, and in the end the tab will probably be higher than it would have been if they hadn't tried to weasel. "They'll pay us," says Zeese, "and they'll have to pay for all of the additional time we had to spend on making them pay." On that point, he insists, the law is clear: "The time spent fighting for fees definitely counts."

Meanwhile, DEA has sent NORML a bill for about \$120,000, claiming that's what it will cost for the agency to supply all the data NORML has requested under the Freedom of Information Act over the last three years. DEA has supplied none of this information as yet, of course. It seems that, if the taxpayers DEA claims to be so concerned about want to know how drug enforcement is spending their money, they'll have to pay a fat fare indeed.

SMOKE-INS, PROTESTS, POT CONFERENCES, ETC.

The following schedule of events was compiled from information provided by the New York Yippies and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). An updated version of this list will appear each month in Highwitness News. Inquiries about specific events should be directed to the Yips, NORML or local sponsoring organizations. The Yips can be reached at Smoke-in Central, (212) 533-5028, NORML's Washington number is (202) 483-5500. If you are working on an event that should be added to this schedule, please send the relevant information, at least three months in advance, to: News Dept., HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W 60 St., New York, NY 10023

Federation for Progress protest march (Yippies), 9 A.M., from Shatto Park to Demian Garcia (MacArthur) Park, Los Angeles.	July 28
Regional marijuana reform conference (NORML), Portland, Oreg.	July 28-29
Rock Against Reagan (site to be announced), Albuquerque, N.M.	Aug. 11
Smoke-in and March to Republican convention site (Yippies), starting point to be announced, Dallas.	Aug. 18
Protest Myopic Majority's War on Everything (Yippies), coinciding with Republican convention, Dallas.	Aug. 20-23
New Jersey civil-disobedience campaign (Yippies), events to be announced.	Sept.-Oct.
Halloween Smoke-in (Yippies), Washington Square Park, New York City.	Oct. 31

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

DIRTY MONEY

/ continued from page 19

plained that they were indeed Mexicans, and had made this American money honestly in Mexico, and had then smuggled it into the United States to get around Mexican currency guidelines. If they'd converted their Yankee cash into pesos and deposited it in a Mexican bank, they explained, that would have been pretty much equivalent to giving it away, thanks to the 100 percent rate of inflation south of the border.

So if these individuals were out to defraud any government at all, Martin advised the judge and jury, it was not the U.S. government. Therefore, they should be given their money back, he said, and be set free—especially since there were no visible narcotics involved.

The government then pulled a grand surprise. The Customs and IRS agents running the Presidential Drug Task Force enlisted a Georgia Bureau of Investigations chemist to wash a sampling of those 10,000 twenty-dollar bills with alcohol, collect the washings in a test tube, and assay the resulting solution for particles of narcotics. The woman tech for the GBI who did this duly testified that she found "100 nanograms" of opiate and cocaine residues, using a radio-immunoas-

say analytical process.

The prosecution then speculated for the judge and jury that this money which these Mexicans were carrying may have been in the same room with a big bunch of cocaine at some time. Someone may have been "cutting" in that room, in fact, so that the "cocaine in the air" might simply "drift over" and fall on the money. Under cross-examination by Martin, of course, the cop scenario changed considerably; now the cops were speculating that, well, maybe the person who cut the cocaine also counted out these bills, with cocaine residue still on his fingertips. . . And the cops never did try to explain why their GBI tech found opiate traces on the bills as well as cocaine. Nor did they bother to go further and speculate how many times that allegedly dope-tainted money may have changed hands before it wound up with these two innocent people in Mexico.

Despite this transparently specious attempt at a "narcotics" prosecution, attorney Martin decided to securely cover all the bases here. So he enlisted Atlanta toxicologist James Woodford to go to the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta and buy a literal bale—6.5 pounds—of shredded, random dollar-bill fragments of all denominations. "It looked exactly like a bale of marijuana," recalls chemist/lawyer Woodford. "We got

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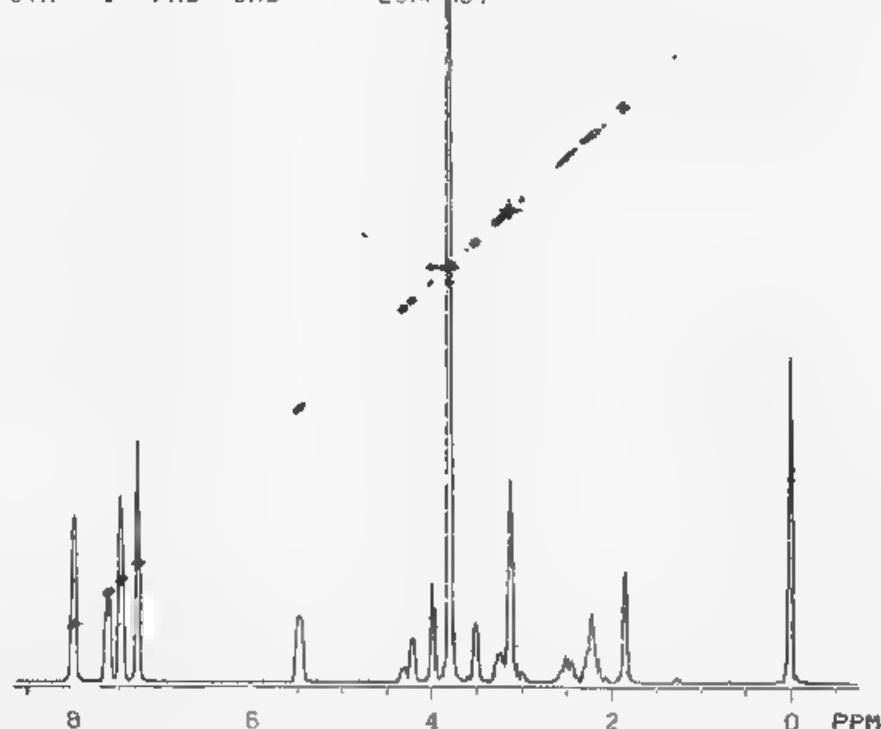
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James Woodford

Dr. James Woodford's analytical machinery produced this "2-D nuclear magnetic resonance" profile of the cocaine molecule, when he tested the residue from shredded currency withdrawn from circulation.

some strange looks taking it on the bus from the Federal Reserve to the lab."

At Woodford's laboratory, from the 6.5 pounds of random money fragments, he managed to wash out a solution that showed 15 *milligrams* of a residue that obviously contained either cocaine or amphetamines, according to the same radio-immune process the GBI tech had used on the evidence money. This random money, that is, appeared to be every bit as contaminated with drug particles as the Mexicans' evidence money. To make sure that at least some of this random money was definitely contaminated with cocaine, Woodford next analyzed the residue with the latest state-of-the-art analytical gear: second-derivative nuclear magnetic resonance. The 2-D NMR process, which is considerably more specific than fingerprinting as a mode of identification, showed conclusively that there had been some cocaine on this randomly selected Federal Reserve money. (Woodford, who also codeveloped the famous "Psychem Cocaine Aroma" commercially, says that people react *emotionally* to the smell of his vial of concentrated money washings, when he sticks it under their noses. "Goddamn!" they cry out. "That's *money* all right!")

In their summary for the jury, the federal prosecutors once again ran out their romantically criminal scenario involving stacks of raw currency in the same room as cocaine-cutting paraphernalia, and the crystals migrating from the scales to the money by some ineluctable force of nature. "The jury didn't buy a nanogram of that," remarks Jack Martin. They came back within two hours with a full acquittal, and the defendants got their money back, and walked off free.

The upsetting outcome of this case may nip in the bud a grand project federal authorities have had in hand for some time. Jim Woodford knows of one other case in Georgia, and two in Florida, where cops have confiscated huge amounts of money, and attempted to keep it on the grounds that they found dope traces in washings from it. Albuquerque federal public defender Tom Padilla is currently handling two similar cases arising from the zeal with which New Mexico narcs patrol the "cocaine corridor" that runs coke and cash back and forth between Miami and Southern California. In one case the cops attempted to lay claim to \$47,000 of evidence money by running a drug-sniffing dog past it as it lay on a courtroom table.

"The dog alerted all right," says Padilla, "but that money had been lying for weeks in the evidence bin, in the same room with cocaine. So by their own scenario, maybe they contaminated it themselves." In the other case, in which cocaine was found in a car that was stopped for speeding, the cops are claiming they found coke traces on the currency envelopes in which the money was wrapped.

"It never occurred to me to think about it before," remarks one New York City drug-

/ continued on next page



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scene commentator, "but it's a fact that a good deal of the currency in this country undoubtedly is contaminated with cocaine, all the time. When you're in a bar of an evening, for example, and your friend notices you're a little worn out, a little slow, and he wants to do you a favor, get you into a party spirit—all he'll ask you is, 'Do you want to do some cocaine?' He doesn't ask if you've got a straw or anything, only whether you'd like to do some coke. And you say sure, and take his little paper envelope of coke, and go to the john. He didn't give you a straw, did he? And you don't think to take one with you, very often.

"So what have you got to snort it with? A dollar bill. Of course you'll roll up a dollar bill, and that bill will have a good few nanograms of cocaine on it after that, for as long as it's in circulation. And everybody else in the whole world who snorts coke sometimes snorts it through their dollar bills. ones, fives, tens, twenties, fifties; and those bills keep company with other bills, in cash registers and bill-folds, and the coke is always rubbing off and tainting those other bills. It's almost scary when you think about it. If this money-washing trick holds up in court, the feds technically will be able to seize all the money in circulation, any time they want, and keep it."

KIDDIE NARCS

(continued from page 21)

And it might be the best policy, all in all, never to get too chummy with anybody at all in high school. Last year a young LAPD waiflet named "Terri" chummed up to a whole bunch of kids, and busted a number of them for pot. But she didn't bust everybody she chummed up to, because it seems she was just a real nice kid herself by nature, and so of course she made a lot of just plain friends in the course of her police entrapments. One of these friends, afterward, found herself so fiercely harassed and mocked and generally spat upon by other kids that she had to move in with relatives in West Covina. This is what kids in Los Angeles are learning in school these days.

"She had you put all your trust in her," one of the bustees recalled sadly of Terri, the sweet kiddie narc. "And then she stabbed you in the back. It stinks. It does. After she busted me I couldn't trust anybody. It got so bad I wouldn't even trust my own cousin," she told the *Herald-Examiner*.

This girl also remarked how, even after she and a big bunch of other kids were taken off the Hamilton High School campus for taking the narcette's money and giving her some dope, that the same people who had entrusted her with the dope she delivered were still selling it.

The LAPD poisoned the social relations in nine area schools last year. They seized \$50,000 worth of "drugs," they said.

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BUGS ON DOPE

/ continued from page 22

spiders were simply turned off to the wood bugs by the smell or the taste of the glomerin; this would render the stuff a suitable "anti-feedant," like the nauseating oils exuded by monarch butterflies to repel starlings and bullfinches and so on. Only 13 spiders devoured enough glomerin from their prey to get "stoned," but what happened to them was pretty remarkable.


In the spiders who got "luded out," nothing much happened for about four hours after their wood-bug snack. After that they became increasingly disoriented and immobile, until finally they couldn't right themselves after the lab techs laid them on their backs; they just lay there, helplessly vegged out, for two to six days straight, although they were all quite fit and well after they recovered, in the laboratory. If they'd gotten that tranced out in the forest, of course, the ants would have eaten them long before they came to.

Next, Correll tried feeding ordinary mealworms to some spiders, and then dabbing some glomerin—"milked" from millipedes—onto the spiders' mouths at the same time, to see if the taste alone would make them reject the mealworms. The taste made the spiders drop the bugs alive, all right, but it also tranced them out afterward, no matter how low the dose. These spiders turned out to be very, very susceptible to glomerin. In fact, of the 270 wolf spiders tested this way, 41 overdosed dead, some after visible "impairment" lasting as long as three weeks.

Another group of spiders was micro-injected in the abdomen with glomerin at various doses. These spiders fared rather better—less than half died—apparently because the "mouths" of spiders are closer to their "brains" than their "stomachs" are, so it's easier for them to imbibe a lethal dose by eating the stuff.


The researchers were unable to determine whether the wood bugs produce the stuff to repel predators simply by its taste, or whether its long-range tranquilizing properties also give the bugs any evolutionary assist. In fact, that question would be patently impossible to answer from these data anyway, because northern European wood bugs and Florida tree spiders simply never inhabit the same natural environment.

Glomerin bugs aren't the only natural source of proto-methaqualone. "Quinazolinone" is the proper nomenclature for all methaqualone-like substances, and it turns out that a particular Indian herb—called "Ash-shoura," in Bengal—produces "arborne," a quinazolinone even closer to methaqualone in chemical structure than glomerin. Ash-shoura, a California correspondent advises *HIGH TIMES*, is traditionally employed in Indian folk medicine.



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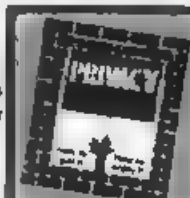
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

WEED OF THE CARIBE

by Bud Bogart

Like many other serious pot smokers, I recently made a pilgrimage to that mecca of boo, Jamaica, to check out the legendary ganja. For sheer availability, it was no disappointment. Everywhere I went the pot vendors hovered around like the ubiquitous vultures overhead, plying, for the most part, overpriced and underpowered wildweeds.

Jamaica, one must recall, suffers from a fairly depressed economy. Bauxite mining, the main industry, has fallen off in recent years, as has the tourist business. Bananas still bring around a nickel a pound, along with pineapples and sugar cane—which most of the thousand or so other islands in the Caribbean also produce. Consequently there are few fortunes to be made, unless you're a reggae star or in the ganja business.

Jamaican pot hawkers have picked up on the American's love for sinsemilla, so now all pot is labeled sinsemilla, even if it's peppered with seeds. There are some true sinsemillas on the market, particularly around Mandeville, Negril and the Cockpit Country—the flat, isolated midlands accessible mainly by air, but most Jamaican domestic is produced by crude growing methods—drop the seeds in the ground and come back two months later.

Amazingly, this often works. Some of the sleaziest-looking Jamaican pot can leave blisters on the brain, though some other varieties—gold-colored Jamaican, particularly—are flashy bunk. Like the islands and its people, Jamaican weed is diverse and unpredictable. The best comes from the central highlands, while some exotic and even greenhouse varieties flourish by the ocean where they're peddled to enthusiastic Yankees.

The pot tourist would do well to start his tour of the island in Mandeville. Mandeville is a landlocked industrial city, while the others are tourist centers, ports or government seats. It is also in the heart of the pot-growing region. Stay at the Astra, the best hotel in town, doubles go for under \$100 Jamaican (about \$25 U.S.). You can get to know people right at the hotel bar, or at several other clubs and bars around the town. Someone will certainly offer you ganja if you even mention the subject, and usually even if you don't. They'll sell you a pound for \$100JA, and that's high; smugglers pay a fraction of that. Still, for pot that would sell for \$1,000–\$1,200 a pound in New York, \$25 is not a bad price. The trick is to say you only want an ounce, and you'll pay \$20JA. In

Mandeville they'll jump at this, in Negril the hawkers will huff and insist on \$60JA, accustomed as they are to the bloated wallets of New Yorkers and Miamians.

Get a few zees from a few different people (at the golf course in Mandeville the caddies will dash off during the game and bring back donkey-cock-sized spliffs for the weary linkers, for \$5JA). Then lay back with the ocean lapping at your feet and compare these tropical delicacies (be careful of the dreaded Portuguese man-o'-war, a colorful blue and pink jellyfish with a sometimes lethal sting that managed to jolt me seven times at once during such a reverie).

In addition to the various ganjas, there is hash. Almost all of it is made right in Jamaica, though pedigreed backgrounds as diverse as Nepal and Constantinople are claimed. The admittedly domestically manufactured product is called "wet suit" hash, and is gathered by runners, dressed in wet suits splashed with water, who dash through the fields collecting pollen. The paste is then scraped off the wet suits, dried and sold as hash. Technically, this is kif, but the Jamaicans have never made a fetish of accuracy, and besides it works, so who cares about the embellishments?

Headhunters will also find several varieties of psilocybin mushrooms for sale here. Vendors along the beach will sell you virtually anything that looks like a mushroom, and if you keel over dead their only regret is that there is one less chump to fleece. The uneducated mycophile had best stick with reputable vendors like the legendary Grandma Brown's herbal tea garden in Negril, where a psilocybin tea is served. The tea is made as weak as possible, so real adventurers will have to drink six, eight, even ten cups to get the whole nine yards, but at least it's the real thing.

Sometimes there is coke available during the "season," but it is almost exclusively smuggled into the country from the United States by sharp-eyed retailers who parlay it into greenbacks at singles party scenes. Jamaica is a great haven for rock musicians, Wall Streeters and other cocaine-vulnerable professionals. You see them everywhere, grasping their rum and cokes, eyes wide as saucers. For most of the year, though, there isn't enough of a market to make peddling coke worthwhile; the Jamaicans themselves are as poor as potatoes, and the real tourist glut is limited to a few winter months.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

AUSTRALIA			
Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	100-120
		lb	1000-1400
Sydney sinsemilla	terrific toke	oz	120-150
		lb	1200-1400
Thai sticks	rare	one	20
Domestic hash	muddin	oz	300-400
		lb	3200-3900
Lebanese hash	blond & beautiful	oz	400-450
		lb	4000-4200
Hash oil	when available	cap	30
LSD	tiles and microdots, freaky and fun	one	8-15
Cocaine	A-1	gm	150-200
		oz	3300-3500
Amphetamine	fast and flashy	gm	100-110
		oz	1800-2000

CANADA			
Commercial Colombian	arf-arf	oz	90-100
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	oz	750-850
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
Mexican tops	passable, usually available	oz	1100-1200
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	oz	325-350
Afghan hash	flatblack	oz	2800-3600
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	oz	75-85
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	500-700
LSD	blots from California	one	15
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	260
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	one	15
		oz	3250
		gm	25
		oz	375
		oz	200
		one	4-10
		oz	200-450
		one	3-6
		oz	275-450
		gm	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta	pawn in army-rebel rumble	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	distribution difficult	oz	75-110
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	5-10
		lb	50-100
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	100-225
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3500

ECUADOR			
Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	oz	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Emeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	lots	oz	70-100
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	2-4
LSD	traded for blow	one	40-60
		gm	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

ITALY			
African weed	intermittent supply	gm	4
Tun Leb hash	pale and tasteless	gm	2
Moroccan 00	superb	gm	5
Black Afghan	lucid, but stony	gm	5
Kashmir charas	heavenly, aromatic	gm	12
LSD	reputedly counterfeit	ea	5
Cocaine	glistening rocks	gm	60f

JAMAICA			
Seeded highland gold	gold as the sun, mediocre head	oz	5
Highland sinsemilla	solid head, great sativa	oz	25
Homegrown hash	most and exhilarating	oz	8
Mushrooms	watch yourself, some killers	oz	50
Cocaine	weakened U.S. disco toot	oz	10
		gm	5
		gm	100

MEXICO			
Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	200
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	35
Cocaine	much fake	oz	250
Methaqualone	pass it on much pharmaceutical, okay	oz	20
		gm	175
		oz	15
		gm	150
		ea	30-50
		ea	1-2

UNITED STATES			
Area Bulletins			
Morristown, N.J.	Colombian gold, primo	oz	75
Columbus, Ohio	summer blotter acid	ea	3
Eureka, Calif.	purple hash, locally preserved	oz	200
San Francisco	East Coast coke, danced on	gm	90
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Colombian 'merch: green, passable	lb	560
Albany, N.Y.	ephedrine tabs, undisguised	ea	50
Tucson, Ariz.	Mexican green, moist lightly	lb	5
		oz	500
Taos, N.M.	local mountain mchca	oz	200-250
Marin County, Calif.	pure, shiny flakes	lb	2500
New York City	"boss black repro" Leb soaked in hash oil	oz	100-120
		gm	1800-2000
		oz	1700

National Market			
U.S. sinsemilla	early leaf, baby buds	oz	140-200
	last year's stockpile	oz	1600-1950
		oz	225-300
		lb	2500-3000

Commercial Mexican	browns, greens, reds, etc	oz	55-85
Top-grade Mexican	arm-size buds	oz	650-950
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	90-130
Jamaican sinsemilla	likewise scarce	oz	60-80
Commercial Colombian	healthy supply, prices up	oz	650-850
Primo Colombian	triumphant return	oz	90-130
Thai sticks	new variety el cheapo, big sticks	oz	900-1250
Loose Thai	season starting slowly	oz	55-70
Hawaiian	Where's the buds?	oz	550-690
Lebanese hash	supply down	oz	60-80
Black Afghan hash	gummy and funny	oz	650-790
Paki hash	black spheres	oz	90-135
Psilocybin mushrooms	large, succulent cubensis	oz	1100-1400
Peyote	hard to find	oz	160-210
LSD	red-heart blotter, 100 mikes	oz	1600-2000
Cocaine	holding steady	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3000
		oz	110-140
		lb	900-1100
		oz	150-300
		lb	1400-2200
		oz	150-250
		lb	1200-2000
		oz	100
		lb	1000
		one	10
		100	100
		gm	80-120
		oz	250-350
		ea	1500-2500
		100	3-7
		gm	280-400
		gm	120-160

Methaqualone	mixed phones, mostly Valium	oz	250-400
Methamphetamine	on the comeback trail	gm	120-160
Alaska	nada	oz	50-65
Commercial Colombian	'tis the season	oz	550-650
Domestic sinsemilla	most available	oz	50
Mexican weed	immigrant flow	oz	200
Mainland sinsemilla	Timberland	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	big mover	oz	500-600
Lebanese hash	now and then, not bad either	oz	225-300
Cocaine	blots	oz	2600-2750
LSD	bootlickers	one	20
Methaqualone		lb	2400-2650
		gm	10
		oz	130-200
		gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
		one	5
		100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350

Hawaii	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Puna buds	western-slope beauties	oz	2200-2750
Kona gold	sparties with resin	oz	225-275
Waikiki wacky	overpriced, overated	oz	2000-2500
Maul wowie	fresh from the lab	oz	250-275
LSD	hot from the lava beds, dried	oz	2500-2700
Mushrooms	not a big mover	oz	225-275
Cocaine	over the counter from S.A.	one	2400-3000
Amphetamines		one	2-4
		one	150
		gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

CHARGES

Barbiturates can induce tolerance and physical and psychological dependence. As tolerance develops, the effective dose comes closer and closer to a fatal dose. Withdrawal symptoms include physical weakness, dizziness, anxiety, tremors, hyperactivity, sleeplessness, nausea, abdominal cramps and vomiting, delirium, delusions and hallucinations. Grand mal seizures can occur as long as two weeks after withdrawal, and these can be fatal.¹ Use of barbiturates can result in faulty judgment, incoordination, emotional irritability and accidental death from overdose.²

NATURE AND USE

Barbiturates comprise a class of chemical compounds that are derivatives of barbituric acid, which was synthesized by Dr. Adolf von Baeyer in Germany in 1864. Conrad and Guthzeit synthesized 5,5-diethylbarbituric acid (barbital) in 1882, and in 1903 Emile Fischer and Baron Josef von Mering introduced barbital into clinical medicine under the trade name Veronal.³

These drugs are classified medically on the basis of effect of duration, primary use and generic/trade names as follows: *ultrashort acting* (¼ to 3 hours) anesthetic induction (thiopental/Pentothal); *shortacting* (3 to 6 hours) hypnotic, preoperative sedative, injected for rapid seizure control (amobarbital/Amytal; pentobarbital/Nembutal; secobarbital/Seconal); *intermediate-acting* (6 to 12 hours) daytime sedative (butabarbital/Butisol); *long-acting* (12 to 24 hours) control of epilepsy, daytime sedative, treatment of sedative-hypnotic drug withdrawal (phenobarbital/Luminal).⁴

Intoxication with barbiturates is qualitatively similar to intoxication with alcohol. The effect most users are seeking is "disinhibition euphoria," involving an elevation of mood and a

BARBITURATES

AKA: barbs, downers, yellow jackets, reds, etc.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

reduction of self-critical introspection, anxiety and guilt.

There was a major outbreak of high-dose intravenous barbiturate abuse in the late 1960s. Although barbiturates are the second most prescribed drug group in the United States, the recreational use of these drugs has decreased and other sedative-hypnotics with fewer undesirable effects have come into favor. These drugs are often used in conjunction with stimulants in an upper-downer abuse pattern and may be used to supplement heroin when available opiates are especially weak, or when they are hard to procure.⁵

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Barbiturate intoxication produces a reduction in the ability to make accurate judgments and greatly impairs motor coordination. Although barbiturates may produce euphoria, the user might instead experience sadness, rapidly fluctuating mood shifts, irritability, hypochondria, increased anxiety and agitation. Feelings of aggression, paranoia and anger may be acted out inappropriately as acts of violence. Intoxicated individuals commonly show unsteady gait, slurred speech, jerky eye movement and poor judgment.

A sedative-hypnotic overdose is a life-threatening emergency, replete with signs and symptoms that must be interpreted quickly and accurately

These signs and symptoms include those listed above for intoxication, plus slowed reactions, lethargy and progressive respiratory depression characterized by shallow, irregular breathing. Overdose can lead to coma and death.⁶

The danger of overdose is especially acute with barbiturates because, due to tolerance, the effective dosage level keeps rising while the overdose level remains relatively constant. Also, alcohol and other sedative-hypnotics, the benzodiazepines (Valium, Librium, Ativan, etc.) and methaqualone have an additive effect when mixed with barbiturates that makes the mixture potentially more deadly than each drug is on its own.

Solutions of barbiturates irritate body tissues and cellulitis can result from injection of these drugs. Accidental injection into an artery can cause severe blood-vessel constriction and reduction of blood supply to the extremity, producing gangrene and ultimately the loss of a finger or hand.

Like all sedative-hypnotics, barbiturates can produce tolerance, psychological dependence and physical dependence. Withdrawal symptoms can include anxiety, tremors, sleeplessness, anorexia (loss of appetite and weight loss), nausea, vomiting, dizziness and abdominal cramps. Several days after withdrawal the user may experience delirium, delusions and

hallucinations, although the worst period of withdrawal is the second to fourth day after last use. Grand mal seizures can occur and these may be fatal.

FIRST-AID PLUS

Do not employ stimulants! Keep the patient awake and moving. Give activated charcoal to delay gastric absorption. Apply such general measures as clearing an airway, maintaining breathing. Keep the patient warm and elevate the feet until he/she can be moved to a hospital for more definitive treatment. An overdose is a life-threatening emergency, but prompt action in getting medical help can save lives.

Withdrawal should only be undertaken with medical supervision. The usual procedure is the substitution of a long-acting barbiturate such as phenobarbital and gradual withdrawal. The danger of seizures makes medical supervision imperative.

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PART I: SURVEILLANCE

Part I: Surveillance and the Law

Excerpted from this year's Aspen Advanced Criminal Law Seminars series: A DEA Special Agent offers an apologia for his craft: bugging, wiretapping, breaking and entering.

Plus, Aspen's sheriff Dick Kienast (below) questions the ethics of undercover work.



For the last four years the Los Angeles law offices of Michael Nasatir, Victor Sherman and Richard Hirsch have organized a unique gathering known as the Aspen Advanced Criminal Law Seminars. Each winter defense lawyers from all over the United States, most of whom specialize in drug cases, gather in the opulent ski mecca to consort with judges, politicians, sociologists, psychologists and even some representatives of law enforcement. Together they breathe the brisk, thin air, sprain ankles on the slopes and hone the nuances of their trade. The Aspen seminars have attracted as participants such luminaries of defense law as F. Lee Bailey, Gerry Spence, Leonard Weinglass and Ramsey Clark.

The last of these week-long meetings, coordinated by Victor Sherman and held in early February, attracted 140 attorneys and boasted its own roster of VIPs. John De Lorean's defense counsel Howard Weitzman was among the speakers, as was the honorable Robert M. Takasugi, the judge in De Lorean's cocaine trial. The assembled also heard talks by "Diamond Joel" Hirschhorn, celebrated star of the competitive Miami drug bar; Rep. Howard Berman (D-California), a member of the House Judiciary Committee; Elizabeth Holtzman, the liberal district attorney from Brooklyn, and a multitude of others.

But the session from which this two-part colloquy is taken amounted to a truly unique confrontation: three law-enforcement officers, veterans of a host of varied drug cases, faced an audience that included some of this country's most

Denise Marie Lupo

adept drug-law cross-examiners, including famed San Francisco dope lawyer Michael Stepanian. The speakers were:

- Rick Barrett, a Drug Enforcement Administration special agent, expert in the vagaries of eavesdropping and wiretapping.

- Dick Kienast, the sheriff of Pitkin County, which surrounds Aspen (Kienast is an unusual cop. He studied philosophy and theology at Notre Dame University and worked as a journalist before joining the Aspen Police Department. He disapproves of undercover police work, and is frequently accused of being soft on drugs. His local policies on drug enforcement, in fact, attracted a grand-jury investigation in 1981. They have not made him unpopular, however. Last time he ran for reelection, he won by a 72 percent majority);

- and Ron D'Ulisse, DEA special agent extraordinaire (whose remarks will appear next month in part two). D'Ulisse is not only a federal narc with a long list of heavy busts to his credit, but a licensed pharmacist as well. He's busted cops; he's mastered state-of-the-art, high-tech gear; he's expert in prosecutions that involve seizures of large amounts of assets. He's a monster.

We think you'll find this exchange, well, interesting.

MICHAEL NASATIR: Welcome to the 1984 session of the Aspen Criminal Law Seminar. It's a wonderful thing to see all of the various, diverse people from everywhere in the country, once again attending this seminar. As you know, we have judges, lawyers, office personnel, the real workers in our group. Everyone representing the legal profession comes to our seminar, and last year we were favored with a drug-enforcement agent who registered and who was not on the program. And later, a statement from a lawyer who was up here appeared in a search warrant. I read that search warrant, it was a gratuitous statement. I don't think it helped or hurt or was necessary, but it did happen, so, anybody who wants to blurt out how many crimes they've committed in the last year, be forewarned. [Laughter] Don't identify yourself when you ask questions.

RICHARD D. BARRETT: Good morning. I'd first like to state for the record that I am not the DEA agent that put the attorney's statement in an affidavit. [Laughter]

What I'd like to talk about this

morning for a few moments is Title 3: Wiretapping and eavesdropping. It's a technique used by law enforcement since 1968 and it's had ever increasing use since then. I'd like to share with you folks one of the books that I have used in learning about wiretapping and eavesdropping. It's a book called *Wiretapping and Eavesdropping*, by Clifford S. Fishman. Mr. Fishman was a prosecutor in New York for years. He was involved in the prosecution of several wiretap investigations. He's currently a defense attorney.

I don't intend to read to you this morning, but I would like to share one of Mr. Fishman's insights that I think he says best, better than I could ever say it, regarding the underlying controversies of wiretapping and eavesdropping. He says that "the congressional decision to authorize law-enforcement officials to utilize eavesdropping was controversial when it was made. The controversy has continued unabated. The often conflicting interests of effective law enforcement and personal freedom rarely clash so starkly as when the authorities surreptitiously overhear and record conversations for days, weeks and months at a time. There are many who fear that we are becoming a society that must exist in constant hazard from official snooping. And that whatever incidental good flows from the invasion of privacy is submerged by the growing appearance of police surveillance so typical of totalitarian states."

On the other hand, this is our viewpoint [laughter], we live in a society which is plagued by organized criminal activity, in which whole neighborhoods and communities are destroyed by narcotics traffic and in which public officials too often succumb to bribes and other improper blandishments. It is the duty of our system of criminal justice to deter such activity and to protect society from those who engage in it. The failure to achieve these purposes constitutes the gravest imaginable threat to the enjoyment of individual liberty. Freedom and privacy are empty words to a person who is afraid to walk the streets, and would have little meaning in a society whose economy and government were controlled by criminal organizations.

With that, I would like to give you some background into exactly what type of circumstances and conditions must be met in order for law-enforce-

ment authorities such as Ron and myself to initiate a Title 3 investigation. Of course, court order is essential in accomplishing this investigative technique.

The purpose of a Title 3 investigation is to assist law enforcement in the investigation of crime and to protect effectively the privacy of wired and oral communications. Now, one of the things that a law-enforcement officer must do in order to receive an order from a judge authorizing interceptions is to write an affidavit and spell out in that affidavit his probable cause to believe that a wiretap is essential in the particular investigation. Now, the level of probable cause for a wiretap affidavit differs substantially from the level of probable cause needed to obtain a search warrant. That, of course, is a two-pronged test. As you all know, the test for a wiretap affidavit adds a third prong.

First prong being probable cause that a crime was committed, is being committed and will continue to be committed in the future. Second prong, of course, is that the crime-connected property could be found in a certain location, and the third prong that distinguishes a wiretap affidavit from a search-warrant affidavit is probable cause to believe that these certain criminal communications will be intercepted at a certain location or over a certain facility, i.e., the telephone. Now, there are several steps and subjects that the affiant must cover in articulating his probable cause to a judge. One, of course, the affiant must state who he is, who he works for and what his nature of employment is. He must also be very specific as to the persons to be intercepted. If the agent has probable cause to believe that five different individuals are involved in narcotic trafficking, all five of those people must be named in the affidavit.

You also have to specify the specific crimes and describe the communications that you anticipate intercepting. Specifically, you may make reference to statements that an informant has told you, statements that undercover agents have acquired through their investigative techniques, and articulate all of these circumstances so that the crime of narcotic trafficking and the nature of the conspiracy is spelled out to the judge. Another absolute must is to pinpoint the location to be bugged, or the telephone to be tapped. You

need probable cause to believe that a specific location is used to facilitate a narcotics conspiracy.

I was involved in a case in which there were two wiretaps and two eavesdropping devices planted at two different locations. It was a case that involved bugging simply because the wiretaps were not producing evidence that would sustain a criminal prosecution, a successful criminal prosecution. What I mean by that is there was a lot of coded and guarded conversation over the telephone. The sources of supply, other conspirators, were not identified through the use of telephone tapping, so what we did was take information from the telephone taps themselves, together with statements from informants, together with surveillance of DEA agents and local police officers, and it seemed that it was a company, an actual legitimate business that was used not only for legitimate business but as a meeting place and a place where criminal conversations we expected were occurring. I was the affiant, and I was able to demonstrate to the judge that, number one, wiretaps weren't working, number two, that these people were involved in criminal activity, number three, that they were meeting at these places and that we did expect to intercept criminal conversations.

Now, some of the techniques that we utilize. First, of course, is undercover agents infiltrating an organization. Trying to purchase drugs. We also send informants in, see if they can purchase drugs. See if we can go up the ladder to the source of supply. That doesn't always work. In fact, the days of buy busts in DEA, at least in this area, are just about over. Another technique that it's good to articulate in your affidavit, that you've used and it failed, is the automotive surveillance. A lot of individuals are very keen to surveillance techniques made by law-enforcement officers. Examples are the U-turns that they do in the middle of a road. Unpredictable driving patterns. They go ninety miles an hour. Then they go twenty miles an hour. They take you to dead-end streets. This is especially true when a middleman is going to meet with his source of supply. They're very tail conscious. We've used sophisticated electronic devices for tracking. In cars, in airplanes, in other vehicles that are used by criminals. And a lot of times those

efforts just simply do not work.

Another method, of course, that we always use is the use of snitches. Nobody likes snitches. I don't like snitches. You don't like snitches. We use 'em. They're a necessary evil. A lot of times, informants, because of the nature of the narcotics business, are in fear for their lives. And if I have an informant that tells me he'd rather spend the rest of his days in jail than be six feet under, that's a very important statement to put in an affidavit, to show that the use of informants has been tried, has failed and is likely to fail in the future.

Another item that should go in an affidavit prior to going up on a wiretap is that the surveillance of the specific premises, your target premises that you want to bug, has been unavailing in that a lot of times people use remote farmhouses for clandestine laboratories, for meeting purposes or whatever, and surveillance is just impossible. Or, as in a case that I was on, surveillance was burned. We set up surveillance on a business company and the occupants of the company came right out and knocked on the van door. "Mr. Stepanian," these guys said, "what are you doing in there?" [Laughter] So that technique obviously was discarded.

Another reason for going up on a wire, that's police vernacular, "going up on a wire" means that you're active; "going down" is that you've terminated it, but to go up on a wire on an individual who you feel is a higher-up in a narcotics distribution ring, usually the reason that this technique works, or is utilized, I should say, is because the higher-up has a fear of penetration from undercover cops. He screens them quite well. He's a master of his trade. He also doesn't want to let new individuals in, not for the fear of being arrested, but for the fear that he's cutting himself out, in that if he allows different people to go to his supplier, then those individuals no longer need the middleman to get to the supplier. They can go to the supplier directly.

So, essentially, what he's doing, he has to protect his business and insulate himself so that, number one, he doesn't get caught through undercover techniques, and number two, that he doesn't give up his source of supply and then reduce his profits. Now this is the area that I'd like to cover in detail, and that is "privileged communications." Now, there are four areas of privileged communications in Title 3

and that is of the attorney and client, the clergyman and his parishioner, husband and wife, and doctor and patient. We are instructed, and I have a copy of Department of Justice guidelines, to minimize in all circumstances, conversations between those four different particular groups of individuals. Now, with every rule there's an exception. And it seems that, quite frankly, more and more often we're finding attorneys involved in criminal behavior. And the minimization of requirement for attorney guidelines is, there's an exception to it if you can show that the attorney is involved in criminal activity. And what you have to do, as an agent, from a practical standpoint is, take that information, your probable cause to believe that this attorney is involved, and go to the U.S. attorney with it and he goes to a judge and the judge will add the name to the order authorizing interceptions, add the name of the attorney, and you can listen to some of the conversations. Now, it's not a blanket authorization to listen to conversations. You have to make some determinations. That determination is obvious, that you can only listen to criminally connected conversations. You cannot listen to an individual discussing a pending case with his attorney, his defense strategy, or, if the individual is under indictment, statements about his pending case. In the case that I was involved in, there was no intentional interception of attorney-client. There was one unintentional simply because we didn't know that the individual was a lawyer. When we found out the individual was a lawyer, we sent a copy of the tape, with his voice on it, a transcript of the tape, and a letter from the U.S. attorney saying that this conversation was unintentionally overheard and recorded, here's a copy of it and it won't happen again. That sort of thing. I was involved in a case in New York City, a case of a defendant named Jimmy L—, in which we convicted his attorney. It was not apparent when we went up on the wire that the attorney was involved in criminal activity, but through spot monitoring in the first couple of days of the wire, there was conversation about laundering narcotic proceeds, and investing the money and putting it into tangible assets. That was immediately related to the assistant U.S. attorney, who related it to the judge, and the lawyer's name was added to

the court order. He was convicted of conspiracy.

Regarding minimization to bugs in an office. That is, you're intercepting oral communications. The courts have given greater leeway regarding minimization in that pattern than it has over the telephone. You see, the communications in an office are very diverse and they can change from moment to moment. They cannot be divided up into discreet units, such as a conversation over the telephone can. Therefore, the minimization has been a bit relaxed in terms of oral intercepts. However, minimization is still required. And, when I conclude my presentation, I'd like to show you through a method of quantitative analysis how we can actually show, through the use of statistics, in an actual case, that we made prudent attempts to minimize, even though it was an office, even though there was a lot of diverse activity noted in that office, even though over the entire period of the intercept the behavior noted in the office was totally unpredictable and would vary from criminal to noncriminal like a tennis game, back and forth. Does anybody have any questions regarding minimization up to this point? Yes, sir?

AUDIENCE: What is the sanction for a DEA agent if he goes beyond the authorization given to him and records every conversation? What happens to the agent?

BARRETT: First of all, there is a case called *United States v. Scott*, which came out of the District of Columbia, where there was absolutely no minimization whatsoever during the entire length of the interception. The case was upheld by the Supreme Court for this reason: that the nature of the narcotics distribution organization was so widespread, international in scope, and that there were so many people who were unknown, that to minimize would be to jeopardize the potentiality of a successful investigation, and we are not required in those types of circumstances, to minimize at all. So when you say, "What happens when an agent doesn't minimize?" the answer is, "Let's look at the specific facts and circumstances of the case and see, number one, if minimization is necessary." Now, if minimization is necessary, and you don't minimize, what is the sanction? I don't know of any wires that have been suppressed because of violations of minimization. But I'm

sure there are.

AUDIENCE: But what's the impetus for you to minimize?

BARRETT: To conduct yourself in accordance with the law.

AUDIENCE: And what happens if you don't? Nothing?

BARRETT: Regarding minimization, I don't know. But I can tell you this...

AUDIENCE: There's no sanctions.

There's no sanction at all for you to...

BARRETT: No, in Title 3 there is a section calling for sanctions, that if any law-enforcement officer doesn't abide by the rules delineated in Title 3, there are sanctions. That's up to a judge to impose those sanctions.

AUDIENCE: What about internally?

BARRETT: Within DEA?

AUDIENCE: Yes.

BARRETT: I don't know of any.

AUDIENCE: None?

BARRETT: Not within DEA. My fear would not be discipline from DEA. My fear would be from a judge, quite frankly.

AUDIENCE: How do you go about bugging premises?

BARRETT: I cannot tell you, specifically, how we go about that. What I will tell you is that each case is different. Each case has to be evaluated on its own merits. If you're going into a house, if you're going into an office, if you're going to do a telephone, each one is gonna have unusual, unique circumstances. And even if it was some type of uniform conduct that we engage ourselves in, I wouldn't be authorized to give away government secret how we enter places. But, I don't think it's too hard to figure out. I mean, the traditional way is to pick locks. Our traditional ways are to gain entry any way we can. We have, keep in mind that we don't just go around entering places. If you walk away with anything from this presentation, walk away with this: *none of these types of activities* are done without a court order. And there are reports to the judge made on, depending on the judge, a five-to-ten-day basis. The judge can say, "You have accomplished the goal of your Title 3. You're to go down on the wire now." And we have to go down. Some wires are up for eighteen hours. Some wires are up for two months. It depends on the individual case.

NASATIR: That was pretty tough for a DEA agent, to stand up and talk to the enemy like this, and I think Rick did a terrific job. I learned a lot. Our next

"I had a deputy sheriff who got strung out on cocaine... I had a choice of setting him up and prosecuting him, or confronting him and getting him off the street as a cop. I chose the latter." — Sheriff Richard E. Kienast

speaker is going to demonstrate the point about what happens if you have a different view of law enforcement. What if you're a local police officer, responsible to a local community, popularly elected in this case, and the laws of your state outlaw the very things that the federal government wants to do? Our next speaker, Dick Kienast, has been the Pitkin County sheriff for seven years. He's been elected three times. He's recognized as a very fine law-enforcement officer by his peers and has had some very unfortunate disagreements with the federal government. I think you'll find what he has to say very interesting. Dick Kienast. [Applause]

RICHARD E. KIENAST: Thanks. I had no idea I had so many allies here. What I kind of want to do is share with you a learning experience. My learning experience. I think I've learned some important things. Rick read you a statement about people who are primarily concerned about government-snooping in the present day and age, and I happen to be on that side of the fence. But it was a long road to get there from my experience as a cop. And I want to share two things that have occurred to me. As a law-enforcement officer primarily, two experiences that have led me to what I consider my present decision.

I became a police officer in 1970 for many and varied reasons. Some of you may know a little bit about Aspen. In the late '60s, in 1968 and '69, actually in '68, local police in Aspen were bagging a lot of hippies. We forgot that term. That's unconstitutional now, but... what it boiled down to was that they felt that the majority of the people in this community didn't want all these long-haired, dope-smoking menaces to society walking their sidewalks, or sitting around on their storefronts, and the police followed them, call it what you will, the conscience of the community, and wanted to rid us of that.

At the time that happened, I was a newspaper reporter here in town. I was somewhat naive. I had come from the academic world. And being a newspaper reporter was my first introduction to public life. And this was a rather fascinating incident here in Aspen. What the final result of it was, was that the Aspen Police Department was taken to federal court in Denver and informed that hippies had civil rights just like the rest of us. As a matter of fact, it's the only case law I know that, in fact, referred to a class of people, it

was a class-action suit filed by the ACLU, and some local attorneys here in town, to get the police to cease and desist from harassment. It eventually led to the elimination of the vagrancy law in Colorado, the declaration of it as being unconstitutional. So to all bad things there's a good side.

During the course of that I became friends with a member of the local police department, and his stint in federal court rather impressed him. He tried, for about a year, to recruit me to become a police officer. Obviously, being a newspaper reporter, made me wonder about whether that was appropriate for me to do. And he convinced me that there were some things about police work that didn't fit the stereotype of those years. You remember the late '60s, when the police were presented with pretty bad images, the Chicago convention in '68, which is probably one of the worst things that happened to the image of policemen; and the racial strife in the South, where local police were in fact trampling on people's civil rights down there.

At any rate, I became a member of the police department and learned, as he showed me so well, that police work is not mainly all about enforcing laws or getting people to do what you want, what society wants. But it's about being available to help other people. And that's the police role in government. So after this occurred, after several years in the police department, this friend of mine and I, and the then assistant district attorney here in Aspen, we thought we had a big drug problem. So we thought we would take the legal means to solve that drug problem. And we hired an undercover agent here locally. We authorized him to go out into our community and find all the organized crime that was existing here. We were concerned, not just with drug laws, though that was the big thing at the time, but whether there were organized burglary rings, organized theft rings—We get a lot of ski thefts around here, incidentally. Hope you haven't learned the hard way yet—and after a period of six months, we brought him up from undercover. And this was quite a learning experience... at that time we all thought we were doing the right thing. What we were doing was, in our mind, technically within the law, and we were enforcing the laws as they had been legislated. And that any means were fair game to enforce

those laws.

In the course of that investigation, several things happened. For one, our undercover agent acted as an agent provocateur in many cases, and participated in the very acts which he was investigating other people for. And it turned out that all of those acts had to do with the illegal drug laws. At that time the big one was marijuana.

The second thing that came to light in the course of our investigation was that we ourselves participated in some illegal acts in order to enforce this law. One in particular, and we thought it was a big joke and well within our rights to do so, was when our fellow police officer accompanied a group to Chicago who came back with, as I recall, about ten kilos of marijuana. And we thought we'd have some fun with that. So one night, when they got back, we burgled their mobile home and stole their ten ki's. Put it in the evidence locker at the police department. We thought that was appropriate. We were saving Aspen from this drug menace. And, it was also fun. [Laughter]

One more thing that happened during the course of that was our famous Kristallnacht on the night of November 1972 where we armed ourselves with sawed-off shotguns and other weapons, went to an apartment to make arrests and knocked on the door and jumped in with guns drawn and informed everybody that we were the police and they were under arrest. Freaked people out pretty much. [Laughter] But in several of those cases, one in particular, someone was almost killed. And that occurred, I believe, because of a certain paranoia on our part about how these people were obviously armed, and going to resist our entry into their apartment.

So, all that occurred and then we brought it in public. Next day after that we went to the Aspen City Council, revealed what good boys we'd been, how well we'd been enforcing the laws around here. The reaction of the council, and particularly of the community was, "What the hell is going on around here? We thought that you were our local police, that you were here to protect us and here you are running around with guns..." The public perceived it as abusing people's rights.

This was a big learning experience for me. Up until that point, I thought I was just being a good cop. But there

/ continued on page 78



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PRUNING YOUR PLANTS

The primary reason for pruning your plants is to avoid detection. Short plants with wide diameters are much less likely to be spotted than a patch of 15-footers swaying in the breeze.

Dear Ed,

I live in the central valley of California, and normally plant in May. The average summer temperatures are between 85 and 100 degrees. My plants are fifteen-foot monsters by October, when nighttime temperatures drop by fifty percent and flower cluster begins to swell. The commercial marijuana growers around me in the foothills of the Sierras harvest in September when their climate gets cooler earlier, but my plants grow another four feet.

My questions are: Should I plant later, perhaps in June or July? How tall should my plants be before I prune? Can early pruning alter the gender of the plant? Is there more flower production on a tall plant than on a severely pruned six-foot-wide plant? Would pruning techniques be the same with indica as with sativa? They both seem to flower at the same time, around October

—Dennis

Central Valley, Calif.

Those are some good questions.

By planting later in the season you can limit the size of the plants. If the plants grow to 15 feet when they're planted in May, they may grow only half that tall if planted four to six weeks later. This may eliminate the need to prune and entails less risk because the plants are in the ground for a shorter period of time

The primary purpose of pruning is to keep the plants from being detected by their height. Growers' situations vary, and different varieties of marijuana

have different growing habits, so it is hard to generalize about pruning. Trimming the top of the plant will cause the two branches below to elongate and also the plant will bush out. If the plant is still growing too tall, it can be pruned again. Growers often prune when the plant is one or two feet tall and then again when four to five feet tall. If it can be avoided, plants should not be pruned after vegetativeness slows down—that will lower the yield. Plants can also be trained to lie low. New growth can be tied down using string attached to the ground or to weights. I saw a plant two years ago that grew to a nine-foot diameter but was only three feet off the ground. In an emergency, grown plants can be pulled down so that their main stem is nearly parallel to the ground. Sometimes the plant's roots will be torn if this procedure is followed. On hot, sunny days this may be really traumatic to the plant since it cannot get enough water to meet its needs. For this reason the plant should be well watered several hours before and then again immediately after forcing the stem down. The best time to do this is after the sun's energy has begun to wane, or, even better, on a cloudy day. A mixable spray, "Wilt-Pruf," available at many nurseries, coats the pores so that less water is transpired. This is helpful in preventing wilting. Once the plants have adjusted, the branches will start to grow vertically

The gender of marijuana is sometimes altered, or hermaphrodites created by the severe stress of heavy pruning.

There have been no controlled experiments to see if pruned marijuana yields more. From casual observations I would say that yields remain about the same, though heavily pruned plants usually have a reduced yield



Garden of the Month: "This is a picture of a two-and-a-half-month-old crop of sativa that I will wait another couple of months before I start to flower. There are also six indica plants in a hydroponic system and twenty cuttings taken from female plants. The cuttings are in cups." By R., of Dusen, La.

Dear Ed,

My boyfriend and I recently purchased a new lighting system. I could not believe what beautiful plants were produced in



Bud of the Month: "This bud is from a single Thai plant right here in the citrus capital of the world. It took nine months to mature but was kind enough to dry in time for the November '83 issue!" By A., of Santa Paula, Calif.

just three weeks.

We have run across some problems though. The first batch of seeds came from some dynamite sinsemilla buds. The plants were beautiful, but they lacked in potency. I pulled them up. We have just planted another crop, and don't want to make the same mistake twice.

Can you raise the potency of a plant after it has grown four or five feet tall? Do vermiculite and perlite or soil have an effect on potency?

—Emily and Reggie Md.

Potency is primarily a factor of genetics. In most cases seeds from potent marijuana will be close to their parents in quality. As long as the plant is healthy and is given adequate nutrients, water and light, it should reach its full potential. The potency of a plant cannot be changed by a "miracle formula."

Dear Ed,

Do you know if used hops and other grains from beer-brewing make a good mulch or add nutrients to the soil I grow my pot in?

—Shrveled Dick
Huntington Beach, Calif

Yes. The sugars and carbohydrates in the grains are used by the yeast. Nitrogen and other nutrients are not used in the ferment, so the residue contains

many nutrients and also many B vitamins. Some of them may be used by the plants. The material should be composted or can be used directly as a mulch as long as it does not form a layer that stops air circulation.

Dear Ed,

For a long time I was under the impression that you could make a tea that could get you high by steeping stems and/or leaf. Recently I read that THC is only soluble in oil or alcohol, not water.

What gives? Can you make tea from grass and get high? Or is this just another marijuana myth?

—Richard
Folsom, Pa.

Marijuana is oil/alcohol soluble and is insoluble in water. Marijuana "tea" contains only the water-soluble substances in marijuana, such as pigments and chlorophyll. It contains virtually no THC. Two ways of making potent marijuana tea are by adding about 10 percent alcohol to the mixture or an emulsifier such as lecithin to the water. The lecithin does not dissolve the THC, but it holds the molecules in suspension in the liquid.

Dear Ed,

I would like to add to your tip on protecting your garden from small animals. When using chicken wire, be sure to bury

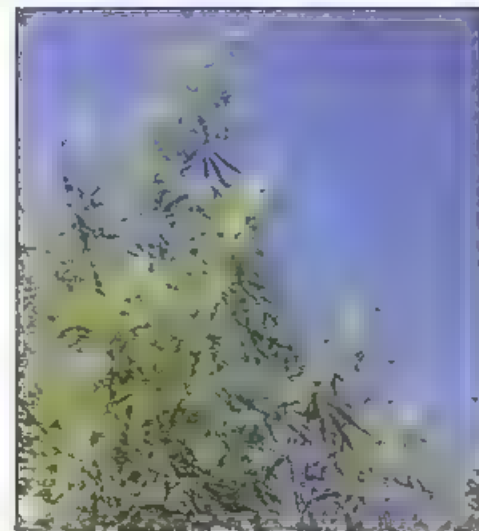
it four to six feet. This helps prevent rabbits from digging under it. Also, make sure the fence is tall enough to keep them out.

A.

Santa Paula, Calif.

Thanks for your tip, A.—A. is also the Bud of the Month winner this issue. Congratulations.

Plant of the Month, from Susie in Georgia: "I grew my first plant last year and it was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. I took seventy-two pictures of my baby. I talked to it and fed it from the time it peeked out of the ground until it was about fourteen feet high. Unfortunately, some jerkoff ripped him out of the ground and made a quick getaway. I knew then how a mother must feel when she loses a child. I hyperventilated three times before I made it to my house, cried two days, and a throbbing pain ate at my brain for over a month.



My cousin, who is one among many connoisseurs in my foggy-brained family and grows some of the best I've ever smoked, said it was male, but it sure was pretty. He grows only females and his little girls have chestnut-covered hair. When you smoke one, your cheeks stay sore for days from smiling so much.

Dear Ed,

Last year my garden was ravaged by rodents and deer. It was hard to tell where one started and the other left off. I have tried fishing-line string as a fence around

/ continued on page 77

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G.I. JOE GOES TO THE DRUG WAR

Against its will the U.S. military has been drafted into the Reagan administration's war on drugs. Due to pressure from right-wing groups the armed services has been forced to divert equipment and personnel to the dubious task of drug enforcement. How effective has this program been? According to the General Accounting Office, it's been a complete flop. by Dean Latimer

Note to Readers: Most of this story was written over a year ago, and was suppressed for reasons of simple incredulity. It's a distillation of the federal General Accounting Office's most recent assessment of the flaws and failures of federal drug-interdiction policies, with particular emphasis on the reluctance of the U.S. military to get involved with the suppression of dope smuggling. "I don't want to run it," Dean Latimer concluded uneasily after first-drafting it. "Nobody's as stupid as the Reaganauts appear to be in this report. They must have something up their sleeve. Give it a year, and if they're still being this incredibly stupid, then we can run it. Save it for the elections."

Well, things haven't gotten any better on the drug-interdiction front since the middle of 1983. In fact, they're lots worse this year. The prices of heroin and cocaine are even lower now than the GAO's figures in the opening of this report. And there is an election coming up, and so, we're running it. Do you want the architects of this disaster appointing the next three or four justices to the Supreme Court?

People who pay taxes will be interested to learn that in the four-year period between 1978 and the final fiscal quarter of 1982, the total funds the U.S. government spent on interdicting the flow of illegal drugs into our country increased from \$276 million to \$546 million. This is really only a 26 percent increase in real dollars, when inflation is taken into

account, but the tonnage of illegal drugs seized out of the smuggling pipe over that time has increased nearly exponentially, according to federal narcotics-interdicting agencies. So it would appear that all that tax money is being well and honestly spent, wouldn't it?

On the other hand, over that selfsame period, the price of heroin has dropped over 10 percent, and its purity on the street—the proportion of each dose that isn't quinine, mannitol or some other inert cut—has risen by a factor of 39 percent.

"My goodness," remarked the insurance adjuster who pocket-computed these heroin figures for me, over drinks in a Columbus Circle bistro. "That means that speaking conservatively, 300 to 500 percent more people are getting fucked up by heroin now."

Personally, I wouldn't go that far. Heroin, so far as I've ever seen, only fucks up those very few people who like it a whole lot, while the rest of us will never be anything but bored and irritated by heroin. Cocaine's another matter, though, there may be a few people on this planet who *wouldn't* like cocaine if it were stuffed forcibly up their noses, but I do believe those people are very few and very far between. But sure enough, over this same four-year interval during which drug-busting money appropriations have skyrocketed at such a tremendous rate, and drug seizures have mounted so

handsomely, it happens that the price and purity of street cocaine has remained virtually unaltered. The price of coke has dropped a little, over just the last year, from the customary rate of 65 cents per milligram, and the purity has risen from 12.5 percent to 13.6 percent altogether—but that's nothing compared to this really shocking improvement in the quality and availability of smack.

When the police ask our Congress-people for more money for their drug-busting endeavors, they always promise that the result will be less dope on the street, not just more weight reported in the evidence bin, but *less dope* on the street. Well, okay, then, everybody knows the Ronald Reagan Justice Department has declared a holy war on marijuana smuggling in South Florida, so maybe, even though junkies and coke freaks are getting a really swell deal nowadays, maybe the children who are supposedly the prime targets of marijuana merchandising are finding it harder to come across the Deceptive Weed nowadays. That would be *something* to show for all this taxpayer money, wouldn't it?

But nope. "Marijuana prices remained relatively constant when adjusted for inflation," reported the U.S. General Accounting Office last year in their quadri-annual cost-efficiency analysis of federal narcotics agencies: "Report of the Comptroller General to Congress,"

13 June 1983. This report, titled, "Federal Drug Interdiction Efforts Need Strong Central Oversight," is even more vicious and despairing than their 1979 report, which was billed, "Gains Made in Controlling Illegal Drugs, but Still the Drug Trade Flourishes." The GAO is a bunch of accountants, and every time they dip into an efficiency assessment of narcotics law enforcement, they come up ashen, appalled. "Although federal agencies have seized large drug quantities," they conclude this time, "a seemingly inexhaustible supply offsets that being seized."

The dope industry is just a big bad dream for any righteous accountant. For one thing, the police lie and snivel and cover up and stonewall, and get away with it, because they're drug police, and with dangerous drugs, even accountants are expected by the public to give the cops unquestioning credit for good intentions and good faith. The GAO, in past assessments, has marveled indignantly at how the Drug Enforcement Administration resolutely refuses to open its books for the GAO's numbers-takers, on the grounds that some DEA projects fall under the Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act. RICO, since it applies almost exclusively to narcotics enterprises, has been deemed by the courts to be about as sensitive and sacrosanct as the CIA charter. Therefore, the DEA really can get away with denying GAO accountants entree to most of their books, because some of those accountants might (implicitly) be in the secret hire of drugs gangsters. Needless to say, the GAO does not appreciate this insinuation in the least: narcotics cops insinuating that mere CPAs might be dirty with dope money!

Therefore, the GAO, in this report, takes care to properly qualify all its statistics on reported drug seizures. Speaking of the DEA's budget outlays for interdiction projects, the GAO notes, "These costs were neither available nor possible to reasonably estimate." Worse yet, it turns out that whenever more than one federal agency collaborates on a dope seizure—as when the Coast Guard pops a pot shrimper off Key West, at the guidance of U.S. Customs, who got their tip on the shrimper from a DEA office in Colombia—then all three of these agencies are likely to separately enter that same batch of dope into the official yearly statistics of federal drug seizures. For instance, that record-breaking haul of coke at Miami International Airport in March of 1982—3,245 pounds, the then-current record, officially—just



Map of Caribbean showing three primary choke points: Yucatan Channel, Windward Passage and Mona Passage.

may have represented 1,622.5 pounds spotted by a DEA agent in Cali, plus the same 1,622.5 pounds seized by the Miami customs squad. The General Accounting Office, in this report, more than once indicates a certain resentment at not being able to untangle all this; and their charts on reported dope seizures are footnoted with gentle caveats to the effect that the numbers may be inflated to a certain degree. They even estimate the degree in a few cases.

So, although federal agencies reported seizing a total of 9,053 tons of marijuana during fiscal year 1981, the GAO is respectfully obligated to estimate that it was really only 6,254 tons (only 5,598,000 pounds' difference, at about \$600 per pound retail, or \$50 an ounce by DEA estimate...). The apparent rise in drug-seizure weights these last four years, in fact, may have had less to do with the actual tonnage of dope getting busted than with the proliferation of federal regulatory agencies who've become involved with the dope trade. At last count, besides the DEA and Customs and the Coast Guard, U.S. narcotics enforcement also included the FBI, the State Department's Bureau of International Narcotics Matters, the Internal Revenue Service, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Federal Marshals Service, the Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco and the Fed-

eral Aviation Authority. If they all take to reporting the same batches of dope as "seizures," it's liable to wipe dope off the face of the earth—statistically, anyhow. Oh, and beyond that there were the army, navy, air force and Marine Corps.

Which brings us, finally, to the point of this particular evaluation.

In 1981 Congress amended what's called the Posse Comitatus Act, and for the first time in 103 years gave the U.S. military the green light to involve itself in civilian law enforcement. Posse Comitatus was always really just an amendment to the military appropriations bill of fiscal year 1878, not really a law, strictly speaking. In that year Congress had finally sickened of hearing about all the rape and pillage the U.S. Army was enjoying at the expense of other Americans in the occupied South (of white and black Americans alike), and had finally put a stop to it, by declaring that army appropriations would henceforth be conditional on army personnel keeping themselves out of civilian affairs. With respect to civilian law enforcement specifically, the army was to restrict itself to lending solely "passive" and "limited" assistance, and then only at the specific direction of Congress itself.

So for 103 years the U.S. military kept

itself out of U.S. crime, except when ordered to involve itself, and this seemed to content most Americans, what few even ever bothered to realize how lucky we are. Besides "minimizing the possibility of a police state" (as the GAO notes in this 1983 report), Posse Comitatus always made us look cleaner than a Communist satellite or a banana dictatorship, where you always see uniformed parties with automatic weapons all over the place. In America, except for an occasional ghetto upheaval, you never have to see that sort of filthiness. And over 103 years we became so accustomed to our sublime state of affairs, when Congress voted to alter it two years ago, hardly anyone even noticed. Certainly no one complained. It was done in the name of drugs-busting, after all, and drugs just don't interest sane, ordinary Americans.

The Posse Comitatus Amendment of December 1981 was a minor neoconservative coup, the fruit of persistent right-wing lobbying, mainly by what are called "concerned parents groups"—New Right special-interest pressure outfits that insist they aren't the least bit political, simply antidrug. Since they profess to be antidrug, they're automatically given credit for good intentions and good faith, and of course there is no legislator anywhere who would ever dare openly oppose them, for fear of being tarred as "soft on drugs." The National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth, all through 1981, included in its direct-mail "drug-advice literature" a guarantee that you'll keep your child off pot if you'll just write your congressman, demanding—in terms as righteously hysterical as possible—an end to this dreadful and mysterious law called Posse Comitatus. (Whatever any honestly concerned and confused parent may have thought of that piece of drug advice is not on record.)

Of course, Congress did not abolish Posse Comitatus outright in December of 1981. In "these times of fiscal restraint," they simply opined, the Department of Defense looked to be a capital "untapped resource" in our everlasting and expensive war on drug smuggling. The DOD has all those spy satellites in the sky, after all, and all those coastline radar facilities, and all those gunboats patrolling the Caribbean full-time, anyway. The interception of dope on the high seas, the solons of the Hill reasoned would just be good training for the navy's swabs, wouldn't it? And if smugglers can haul a ton of marijuana in across the border, of course (this was always a favorite line of Lester Woolf, formerly

D-Queens and head of the House narco panel), then terrorists can just as easily move in the makings of a nuke, can't they? These arguments were typical of the deliberations around the Posse Comitatus Act of 1981; since there was absolutely no on-the-record opposition to the proposal, we're undoubtedly lucky to have gotten nothing worse than what they came up with.

It wasn't much, actually. The U.S. Congress merely indicated that they were prepared to allow the Department of Defense to lend its facilities and training capabilities to law-enforcement agencies who might request them in the line of drugs-stopping. DOD personnel were not to get physically involved in chasing or busting dope traffickers, that was made perfectly clear. And once the DOD itself heard about this proposal, they put up such a squawk that, five months later, the solons of the Hill specifically affirmed that the Pentagon cannot help civilian cops at all, if such an effort "adversely affects military preparedness."

It probably did come as a surprise to the Reagan Administration, and to their drug-ignorant New Right pressure-group specialists, to learn that the almighty Pentagon was not interested in drugs-busting. These neoconservative ideologues may have figured the U.S. military would relish any chance at getting a foot in the door of civilian law enforcement, and would improve the opportunity enthusiastically. The extreme Right, it seems, harbors with the Left the delusion that the Pentagon is just a nuthouse of barbarian authoritarians continually scheming to take over the country. And, in fact, the place is probably full up with such maniacs, but they do appear to be kept in line by more thoughtful and intelligent parties in key places of the higher echelons.

And any moderately thoughtful and observant person can tell you what will assuredly happen if the U.S. military ever gets seriously involved in narcotics interdiction. It happened in Colombia in 1979, when the government there sent a whole division of its army up into Santa Marta Department on the Atlantic Coast—whence comes nearly all the smoke and coke to Florida—to put it under permanent martial law. Within 18 months they had to pull all their boys back out of there, because the Santa Marta dope Mafias had put every single lieutenant and captain on the pad; whole squadrons of Colombian grunts were being detaileed daily to assist the dope smugglers in hauling their tons of *marimba* around

In the United States in 1983, according to the GAO, the dope trade altogether moved about \$80 billion in filthy money!

Of course, that's just Colombia, not America Sure, and in Colombia in 1979, coke and reefer were only feeding about five billion illegal U.S. dollars into the national economy, according to the report that year by the National Association of Financial Institutions in Bogotá de Santa Fe. In the United States in 1983, according to the GAO here, the dope trade altogether moved around \$80 billion in filthy money! You can buy an awful lot of middle rank brass with that sort of filthy narcotics money, even after adjusting for inflation. You might even wind up presently with filthy dope-moving generals running the whole country, as happened in Bolivia from 1980 to 1982.

Of course, no one in the Pentagon, to my knowledge, has ever publicly expressed fear that mere dope traffickers might be able to conquer the whole U.S. military. (I have personally heard similar speculations from ranking DOD personnel, but they were divulged in confidence.) No, when the DOD was asked by the GAO why they weren't evidently too keen on getting involved with narcotics, the DOD had a surfeit of less embarrassing reasons to give

There was Operation Thunderbolt, for example. Now, this was a Customs operation that started well before the Posse

/ continued on page 60

"THE BOOK OF HOURS, 1964-1973"

A reproduction of the Moroccan Scrapbooks
of William S. Burroughs



Ira Cohen

"I've recently done a lot of experiments with scrapbooks.

I'll read in the newspaper something that reminds me of or has relation to something I've written. I'll cut out the picture or article and paste it in a scrapbook beside the words from my book. Or I'll be walking down the street and I'll suddenly see a scene from my book and I'll photograph it and put it in a scrapbook. I've found that when preparing a page, I'll almost invariably dream that night something relating to this juxtaposition of word and image.

"The scrapbooks are exercises to expand consciousness, to teach me to think in association blocks rather than words."

—William S. Burroughs in *The Third Mind*

red letter

Red-Letter
SEPTEMBRE

day

30 Wednesday 11. S. Jérôme

274-92

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diner table I
is a North Af-
rican city.
Casah Alpiers
Eniro? With
Martin in an
other room.

Blue light. A
garden outside
what looks
like a giant
spider but is
some one with
a cloth mask
over his mouth
and nose.

The mask has
caught fire.
Toke up back
in Price Road.

soap. Martin
Hotel Old
Bank by Ros-
set. Yes he
arranged for
helicopter
the conquered

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get out with
Martin. Hotel
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the space
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some one in-
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Road some in
visible things
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covers. I could
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ick. Ginger
walked out th-
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carpet

Old Arc
NOTES DE SEPTEMBRE These are actors,
the big voice
tanning there with the cold spring now

THE COLDSRING NEWS

the Red Wuch went sky high
the Red Wuch went sky high
the Red Wuch went sky high

September 17, 1899.
Last Gun Post Erased In
A Small Town Newspaper
September 17, 1899.
'Mr Bradley Mr Martin'
stood there in dead star-
-a heavy with his dusty
answer drew September
17, 1899 over New York
'The Man Who Never Was'

the Red Wuch went sky high
the Red Wuch went sky high
the Red Wuch went sky high

NOVEMBRE

15 DIMANCHE. S^{re} Eugénie

320-46



In the bathroom a large mirror covering one wall I ~~was~~ could levitate several feet off the floor. Sometimes I could see myself in the mirror some times not. At one point was naked with erection. Fully dressed outside now was stopped by a Civil Guard who could not hold me. Holding onto the side of a truck like death in Black



19 JEUDI. S^t Elisabeth

324 42



These six pictures are: 1. Orelbort
oil pump and SNA pump and 200
meters 2. 10000 meters 3. 10000 meters
4. 10000 meters 5. 10000 meters 6. 10000 meters

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 05-08-2001 BY 60322 UCBAW

20 VENDREDI, S. Octave

325-41

damps things down and they stay the same underneath he would say in his slow serious way. A product from a St. Louis chemical comp any called Apo 88 a synth esis of the apo-morphine formulae described as a metabolic regulator in- dicated few anxiety inter- actions and addictions..

apo-morphine does its work and goes. Synthesis of the apo-morphine formulae could create drugs exercising a regulating instance ten or a hundred times more powerful than the existing formulae drugs capable of eradicating from the planet what we now call anxiety. Now since most existing establishments are basically and innervably rooted in this same anxiety it is not surprising that the use of the apo-morphine treatment and the development of syntactic variations of the apo-morphine formulae has been and will continue to be violently opposed in certain interested and fearfully predictable quarters of the Western World.

23 LUNDI. S. Clément

328.38

1 The film on the new returns
2 for away from the ash-hole sun-
3 rris the light the black in
4 life as a cross I say y. the
5 world is not y. the water-
6 pla. there on your people. It
7 great like the one but a total
8 star to tell Mrs. L. x. r. r. r.
9 I see repeat. Here it is just
0 ahead. The black house on a corner
1 of the city. From the attic
2 window you look across the way-
3 ground of the city and see a
4 telephone pole and then the
5 back of a tall black wind-
6 ews of the dormitory-a haunted
7 ruin you understand- for ever and

14 RDI, 5th Floor

329-37

There was the consul decided something well odd about the pale cold eyes that seemed to be looking at some distant point far away and long ago. He is looking through a telescope the consul decided with a certainty that surprised him.

DECEMBRE

2 MERCREDI. S^{te} Aurélie

337-29



DECEMBRE

3 JEUDI. S. François Xavier

338 28



Sad servant of the inland side
shirt flapping trailing the smoke
of hard wood forests offered us
his pictures of a squirrel hunt--
black rain water and frogs in
1920 roads morning sleep of ~~ALLEN~~
detour--luminous terraces mould-
ed from old photos and leaves--
silent grocer shops in cobble
stone streets

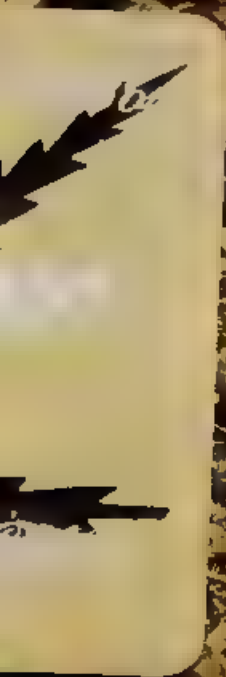
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Marijuana Cha

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THE GOLD CARD



BEING HIGH, PART II: PSYCHEDELICS

LSD has been hailed as the key to heaven by some and the highway to hell and permanent psychosis by others. Somewhere in the middle lies the truth. This month users of the drug talk about the psychedelic experience: what it gave them, what it took away and how, if at all, it changed their lives.

by Dr. Norman E. Zinberg

Last month we ran interviews which detailed marijuana users' experiences of what it meant to get high. More specifically, they spoke on the beginning of use, the effects of use and the social sanctions and rituals that helped control use. This month we explore the same areas, but in terms of the psychedelics—primarily LSD

Psychedelics

The psychedelics differ from marijuana (and also from the opiates) in combining three different characteristics: they are nonaddictive; they are high-impact drugs, and users quickly develop a tolerance to them.

All of our clinical evidence supports a fact that has now become well known: few individuals continue heavy (frequent) use of psychedelic drugs over a prolonged period of time (Becker 1967; McGlothlin & Arnold 1971; Bunce 1982); in fact, no such users appeared in the reported sample. Of the controlled psychedelic subjects, 56 percent reported daily or weekly use as their highest frequency. The mean length of most intensive use for these subjects was only 13.78 weeks (S.D. = 14.14, range = 1–52), compared with 86.46 weeks (S.D. = 107.06, range = 4.5–364) for controlled marijuana users and 48.11 weeks (S.D. = 56.46, range = 1–260) for controlled opiate users. Some of our subjects, however, referred to transitory periods of heavy use as a kind of "addiction."

I: How about in terms of yourself, have you ever been drug-dependent or drug-addicted?

R: Yes. I was, maybe, drug-addicted. I guess there was a sort of psychological dependency. When I was in high school, I was tripping on acid two or three times

a week. That was when I was about sixteen.

I: How long did that go on?

R: The heavy part of it went on for two or three months.

This self-definition of "addiction" was based not on any physiological or even psychological assessment of dependency but rather on an assessment of subjective feeling. Psychedelic use is an experience with an astonishingly high impact, whether positive or negative.

R: We prepared for our first acid trip.

I: What did you do?

R: Well, first of all, I trusted him to be my guide, sort of. I had read that you needed a guide, a guru, in case anything bad happened. Well, we were in love, and he had tripped a few times, and he had never had any bad experiences, he said.

I: What did you do?

R: We went to his house in the country. We ate bee pollen before we dropped the acid tabs.

I: Bee pollen?

R: Yeah. I didn't know, but Joe said that acid eats up the B vitamins in your system, and bee pollen would protect us from that.

I: I see.

R: We spent some time together first, getting close to each other. We braided each other's hair. We took a blanket and walked about a mile into the woods, to a very sunny spot surrounded by rocks and trees. Oh, this acid, one of Joe's friends had already tried it and he said it was very gentle, good for a first trip. He said the trip would last a few hours, so we dropped it in the late morning so we could enjoy it in the afternoon and

come down that night in the country house where no one else would be around. And we didn't have to work the next day, so I wasn't worried about getting too—

I: What happened?

R: Oh, it was lovely, just lovely. At first, for about an hour, nothing happened, and I thought, *Oh, this isn't working, maybe something's wrong with me*. But then I noticed how beautiful and how sort of real the rays of sunlight on the rocks were. It was like I'd never seen sunlight before. It looked like rays of butterscotch. And the little animals, grasshoppers and squirrels and birds, came out, and it was like they weren't afraid of us because we were so at peace, and they knew we wouldn't hurt them. I felt at one with nature. It's something I've looked for since then but have never experienced again. And we looked into each other's eyes and we were friends and we weren't afraid and we made love, there on the blanket in the woods.

The negative experiences were equally intense:

I: What were your bad trips like?

R: Very paranoid, just got very paranoid, and I wouldn't go near anybody, and I'd feel freaked out by everybody, and I would think something was happening which wasn't. At one point, I thought—I was at this party and I was tripping and I had a bad trip—I thought I was supposed to fight all these people. It was, it was a really bad trip.

Not only is it impossible to sustain such levels of stimulation, but the experience soon becomes repetitious (Zinberg, Jacobson & Harding, 1975). In



© Don Snyder

addition, tolerance develops quickly, which adds to the user's assessment of himself as becoming addicted.

R: I developed a very high tolerance to psychedelics at that point because I was using them so frequently, and to such a degree where I could, you know, like right now, I think if I took half a tab of acid, I'd go way up there. It would take me maybe five or six, and one time I took twenty tabs.

Once they had built up tolerance, our subjects found they could control the effects of tripping in order to deal with commonplace circumstances. Until then, however, none of them, in contrast to the users of marijuana and the opiates, could conceive of working or carrying out other general activities while using the drug.

Early Psychedelic Use. Before 1960 the psychedelics had been used experimentally as an adjunct to psychotherapy, as a treatment for alcoholism, and as a method of sensitizing therapists to the nuances of psychological disruption. Such experiments had gone on for years without causing undue anxiety, but of course they had been carried out in medical and other highly controlled settings that almost automatically provided defined limits. A great change occurred in the early 1960s when Timothy Leary, with his "tune in, turn on and drop out" slogan, touched off more general consumption of these drugs. Their use spread with amazing rapidity, especially among students, for they promised a great religious experience, a sense of oneness with the universe, and insight into oneself. At the same time, of course, they threatened to bring a freak-out, a bad trip, a lasting psychosis, or a genuinely irreversible personality change.

Because our project was based in Cambridge and the Greater Boston area where Timothy Leary had launched his "crusade," we interviewed several users who had known Leary and begun their psychedelic use with him. Excerpts from their responses to our questions will illustrate the nature of use in the Leary era as well as the continuing influence of that era and the subsequent development of different ways of thinking about use.

Even the earliest users, in the throes of joining a social crusade with spiritual and political overtones, were searching for evidence to counter the general public's fears about psychedelics, fears that the users loudly decried.

R: Of course, I had some hesitation about taking it at that time, but I soon became aware of the fact that there was little basis to my fear. Right in this house I had Tim Leary come in and one of the experts down at Harvard Medical School—experts in this field—who was interested to see what the drugs did to chromosomes. He persuaded me to invite Leary here to have his and our chromosomes tested, and out of the four of us who gave our blood for this purpose, on a kind of blind basis, the only one who showed any abnormal number of breakages in the chromosomes was the only one who had never taken any of these drugs. My friends, when I told them this story, they said, "Oh, we ought to promote LSD as something that improves your chromosomes, 'cause Tim's were the best of all."

Another characteristic of the early use of psychedelics, which was far less evident with marijuana and hardly existed with the opiates, was the development of an ideological position. Users of psychedelics were not simply smoking a joint, they were becoming part of the enlightenment. This view of use came at least in part from Leary and his influential outpourings.

I: Before you tried hallucinogens, what did you know about them?

R: Well, all I knew was what I'd read about them, and I took a very dim view of it. It seemed to me silly to think that a drug could touch off a religious experience, and this is what Tim Leary was telling us. He told us about his convicts that he was giving it to, and he said they were talking like medieval mystics, and this made me a little skeptical. But here I was supposed to be a big expert in the field of psychology of religion, and here were claims about it, and I felt that I shouldn't come to premature conclusions without taking it myself, and that was my chief motivation.

These strong ideological convictions helped the individual overcome his anxiety about us and face up to the "straight" society's disbelief that such a drug experience could be interesting and even important.

R: I'd read in the papers about acid—and in magazines and stuff like that, usually *Life* magazine—and about how people's chromosomes were being this and that. There was some pretty scary publicity about it. It struck me that people were probably fooling around with their fundamental chemistry, you know.

And this particular guy did it, and then told me about it, and it didn't seem to me that he was changed. In fact, he seemed better. It was very important to him. It was probably the most important thing in his life, by a long shot. And since he was that close a friend, I was open to him.

There is little doubt that Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar (1979) were right when they noted that the early users of psychedelic drugs were frustrated by the public's failure to take seriously their positive feelings about the inner change that resulted from the drug experience. One of our subjects stated it as follows:

R: Oh, yes, yes, I did enjoy my first trip. Even though it was an ordeal in ways, and I can't imagine anybody wanting to take a trip on LSD without a good reason for it, any more than I can imagine going to the dentist for fun. But it was not only good things for me that were valuable, it gave me insight into the value of the drug. In thinking about this school situation during the trip, it occurred to me that if the president of the institution could give LSD to all of his faculty, his problems would be over. But, when the trip was over, suddenly I realized that something had happened to my animosity. My hostility had about ninety percent drained away, and I haven't stayed awake a minute since then, worrying about that situation. So that was maybe the high point of the trip.

The fervent antidrug propaganda of the 1960s that was aimed at discouraging use of LSD was not particularly successful. The dire warnings that LSD caused physical damage (which turned out not to be true) and the made-up stories about users being blinded by staring at the sun did not always frighten potential users.

I: Had you read about LSD prior to using it?

R: Several times, yeah. From all kinds of viewpoints. I'd read a lot of bullshit. I'd heard about these people blinded by it watching the sun, and heard that was all bullshit. The chromosome thing turned out to be pretty much bullshit. And I'd read a lot of Tim Leary who seems to have—I don't really agree with all of his things, but at the time his kind of movement that he was the head of was pretty important to me. It was more all-encompassing than the resistance movement, which only seemed to be extremely political. I was kind of get-

ting disenchanted with just changing the system. I thought changing consciousness had something to do with it. I was really getting into Leary's philosophy.

Users were affected by antidrug propaganda, but instead of being turned away from the psychedelics they tended to idealize their use

R: I feel I owe a tremendous debt to LSD. Um, I think that it helped to sensitize me to certain things about myself, once I was ready to be sensitized. It's sort of a chicken-and-egg thing; that is, I suppose that some of what happened to me would have happened if I'd been straight, but I really think that there's something about drug use, intelligent drug use, that leads to the necessity to face up to certain parts of oneself, or myself, with greater clarity and greater force than might have been true otherwise. It's the whole question of being jived, and the whole question of putting on airs and of pretending to be other than what one is. It's just much, much harder to pretend when there are psychedelics involved than when not

Instead of recognizing that use was an interesting experience that some people might like but most would not risk, the users themselves became committed and active proselytizers.

R: I was more advanced in drug use than the rest of the group. I was out of the group, like. I used to get a high sensation about it. They'd say, "What are you using that shut for?" Weirdos. And I'd say, "Shut up you don't know what you're missing." So I got a few people to get high, and they did psychedelics with me, mostly mescaline and they liked it, really liked it.

Besides idealizing psychedelics, many users became extremely moralistic about their use

I: I vaguely remember your mentioning before that acid for you meant deciding to do some thinking work, as opposed to just getting high and having a good time. Is that fairly common?

R: Yeah, it is for a lot of people I know I mean, it's hard to get high and have a good time on acid. It really is hard. It's strenuous work

R: I very rarely pleasure-trip. I usually do psychedelics when I have something I want to work out. Sometimes I pleasure-trip. It's a definite aid to my per-

sonal growth. I probably trip once or twice a month. Prior to tripping, I do needs assessment. What's my need in relation to the drug? I want to make sure it's a good reason if—I don't do psychedelics when I feel I need to escape because that's when I know I won't have a good trip. To make sure if I need a recovery period, like if I'm going to have time or not, I'm very . . . Sometimes I'm affronted by my sense of responsibility, and it bothers me [laugh]. But, yeah, I'm very careful that there's enough time to do it right, and I'm not going to interrupt the pleasure of that trip. I usually get off late afternoon, you know, to experience that change into night. I'm basically a night person. I like tripping at night. I never trip alone.

I: Is there anyone in particular whom you'll trip with?

R: Not constantly. There are certain people that I have, that I know, that I trip with, but not necessarily one in particular or two in particular. But it's always a constant set of people that I trip with.

I: How large is that?

R: Probably ten people

Words such as "sacred" and "sacrament" were prevalent in the drug culture:

R: I wouldn't use in the city or with people whose vibes I wasn't sure about, with people whom I got bad vibes with. To me LSD is almost a sacred thing; you should take it in a natural setting, somewhere where you're with the earth.

Many actually tried to organize a church. They extolled the psychotherapeutic value of the experience in cataclysmic terms.

R: I totally freaked out on LSD. But to me it was the best thing that ever happened.

I: What do you mean?

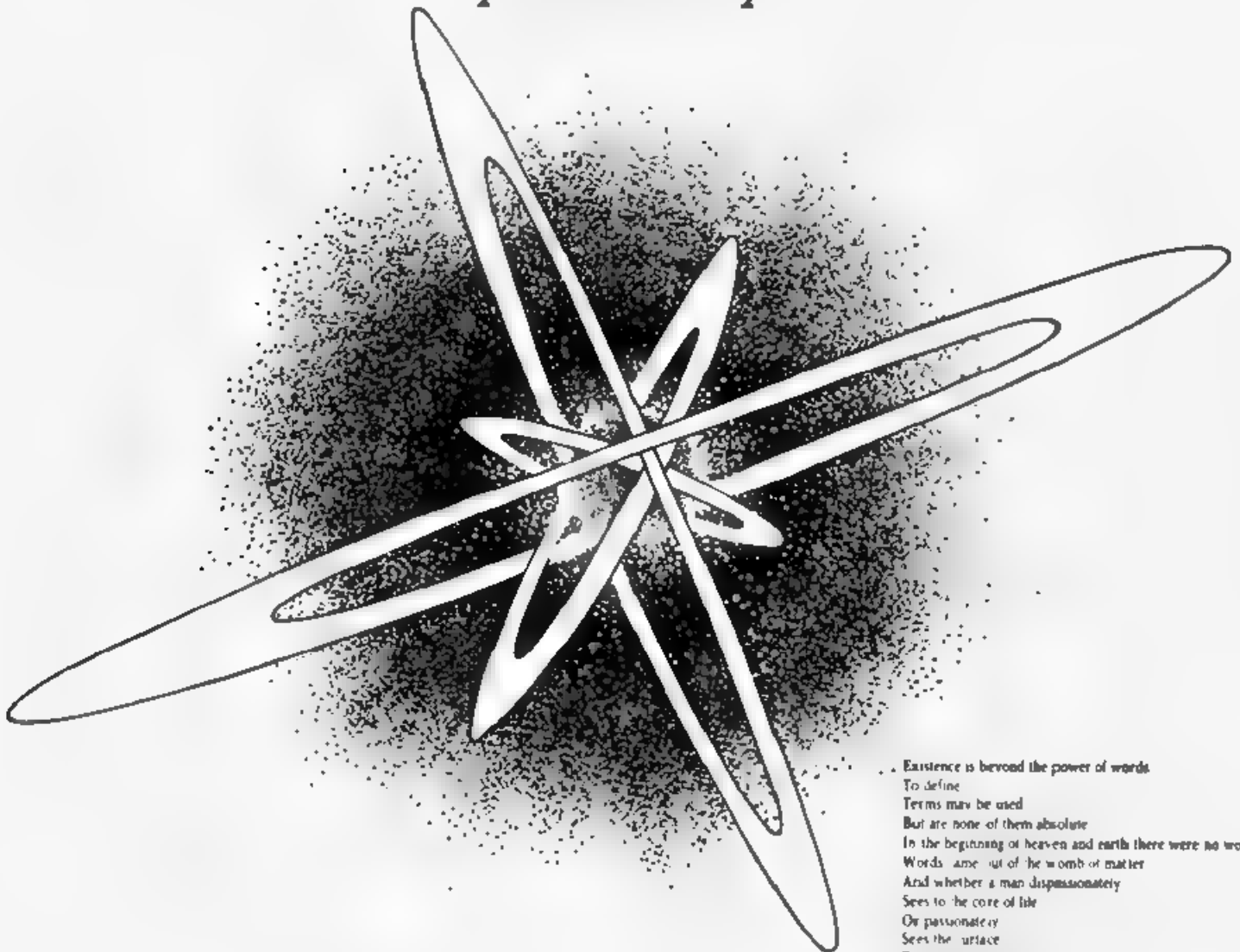
R: It seemed like the therapy that John Lennon went through with Janoff, whatever they call that. It seemed like the process of bringing you back to your childhood, bringing you back to your instincts. It took Janoff two years to pull that off with his questions and answers. It took me two hours getting high off that LSD. My whole existence was wiped out. I didn't know my name. Most of this, what I'm telling you now, is from accounts of what people tell me because I was unconscious of it. I took this LSD when I was inside the city area, and the energy was built up. And it was

/ continued on page 68

"I think there are now many fewer people taking acid... It used to be that a whole corridor of students, you know, in a dormitory, just would take it on the spur of the moment."

ONE WHITE TAB

Nuclear power for the mind—
that was what his first hit of acid revealed itself to be.
It was all so clear—LSD-25 was the heaven-sent antidote
to U-235. Would enough of us blow our minds in time to keep
the planet from being blown apart? Not if he couldn't even
work it out with Meryl. A tale of psychic exploration.
by William Meyers



Bill Pearson

Existence is beyond the power of words
To define
Terms may be used
But are none of them absolute
In the beginning of heaven and earth there were no words
Words came out of the womb of matter
And whether a man dispassionately
Sees to the core of life
Or passionately
Sees the surface
The core and the surface
Are essentially the same
Words making them seem different
Or who express appearance
If name be needed wonder names them both
From wonder into wonder
Existence opens

from *The Way of Life* according to Lao Tzu
Bynner translation

Meryl was living in an apartment in the Haight-Ashbury when I finally quit my hotel-managing job and moved in with her. I guess you could say I'd been tuned in and turned on for a long time, but hadn't got it up to drop out till now.

Consequently—though I'd been smoking grass practically since I arrived in San Francisco two years before, and had watched the Summer of Love come and go, I had only tried taking acid once, so far. I say "tried" because to this day we're not sure there was any real LSD in what I took that time. In any case, it wasn't the blockbuster first trip I'd been reading and hearing so much about. It was more of a "bummer"—relatively low-keyed, I realize now, divided between weeping for the tragedy of mankind that was evoked by Beethoven's fourteenth quartet, staring into the bathroom mirror at the great pulsing vein in my forehead, and worrying over the possibility of simply having taken a massive dose of speed and strychnine.

It seemed the perfect time now, moving in with Meryl and her two-year-old kid Andy, to explore all the psychedelic possibilities, as independent but cohabiting and coadventurous late-beatnik hippies. With her income as a part-time medical secretary, and my new weekend gig, hawking Berkeley Barbs on the San Francisco street corners, we made enough for the rent and groceries, and an occasional lid.

Meryl had already taken acid six times before. I was a little envious, feeling I was still psychically virginal. She had difficulty, though, describing her trips to me, as if whatever was of value about them lay in the levels of consciousness that were beyond words. She wanted me to trip so that I would understand, nonverbally. We both regretted the speed and strychnine affair, and wanted to just forget it and start over again. When my friend Walter Weir offered to turn me on to some "pure LSD-25" that had come into his possession, she thought it sounded like a good idea and hoped I would try it.

But when Walt came over on the assigned night, it appeared that Meryl hadn't realized he was offering—suggesting very strongly, really—to guide me on the trip. Everybody knew you should have a guide on your first trip at least. And in fact I was expecting Walt to be my guide. He had been through four years of psychology at San Francisco State and seemed to

know a tremendous amount about explorers of the mind. We had only known each other about six months, but we considered each other good friends by now. Somehow I had thought Meryl was expecting the trip to come down the same way I did. I eventually realized that she had had something very different in mind, which for openers did not include Walt. But she never admitted it until after the trip.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" she was saying, sitting across from me in the big red chair, with her knees pulled up under her chin and her blue bathrobe pulled tight around her. I was staring at the tiny white tablet of

"Oh my God, we're just sacks of blood and bones and stuff," I said...I was getting more concerned.

"pure LSD-25" that Walt had just handed me, lying now in the fold of the long lifeline that crossed the palm of my hand. It seemed to glow and be much larger than it really was.

"I'm sure," I said. "But it feels kind of like the sure you tell yourself you are, standing on the end of the high-dive board."

"Or the sure you tell yourself you are, just before catching the breaker with your surfboard," said Walt. "It's a guaranteed, enormously moving experience, Gene. I know this to be the real thing—the 250-microgram hit of pure LSD-25 that Leary and Alpert recommend. But you should have absolutely no doubt about wanting to do it."

"I should just do it now before we talk about it anymore," I said. "Do we have something to swallow this with?"

"Here, Gene," said Walt, "drink this. Nothing less than this to go with what you're about to take." He pulled a plastic screw-top bottle out of his day-pack and handed it to me. "Pure spring water from the Sierra Nevada."

"I don't know, I think you're building this up a bit much," said Meryl, an odd twitch appearing in her face as she said this, and looking more at the floor and the wall than at Walt. Her eyes seemed to have suddenly acquired slight but distinctly dark circles under them. I wondered if she was starting to come on to her period. That tended to happen at those times.

"You and I both know what it's like, Meryl," he said. "Don't devalue it for him. The set and setting is *incredibly* important. We *are* the set and setting."

Walt's face had reddened a little under his thinning blond hair. He was obviously at pains to be calm and informal with Meryl as easily as he could with me. They might not have admitted it, but they both knew they were naturally abrasive together and would never have allowed themselves to be on the same trip together if it weren't for our mutual friendship.

"I just think you're a little overdramatic, I guess," she said, not wanting to stir anything up. "You're really sure about doing this?" she said again, turning to me.

"This is it," I said, popping what now seemed to have become a radiant platinum pellet into my mouth and washing it down with the spring water.

About a half an hour went by before anything could be said to have started to happen. Or so it seemed. I had gotten into one of my usual long raps with Walt about things I'd been reading. *The Doors of Perception* and *The Varieties of Religious Experience* were the latest books, in preparation for tonight. But I'd been into some anthropology, too—life at college was not all that far behind me—and was going on about the mind-boggling change of consciousness between the Paleolithic and Neolithic periods, and had just got to one of those high, giddy places atop a fragile scaffolding of stoned associations, when my attention was attracted by Meryl. She was staring at me with her dark brown eyes much darker than usual, both pissed and sad—or self-pitying.

It was one of those far-out places I'd seen her in only a few times before. It

was the face she wore after indulging her adolescent obsession of reading yet another book on Nazi concentration camps—her literary equivalent of nail-biting. She looked that way when she was drawing depressed doodles of people who looked schizophrenic.

"What's going on?" I asked. I was sitting across from her in the chair by the table lamp, and felt like getting up and going over to her to touch her, squeeze her... somehow reassure her. But something instantly repelled the notion. I wasn't sure I could get out of the chair anyway. My body felt large and heavy and leaden, yet strangely light, like it would feel in a fast elevator going down.

"Hang on," said Walt.

The words "hang on" themselves seemed to hang limply in space. I would have reached out to grab them if I hadn't felt myself growing ever more immobile, with what felt like an immense tidal wave rearing up behind me—a wall of what I could only describe as *cosmic energy*. . . My god, it was vast—it was awesome. And I was supposed to *surf* on it? What a laugh! What could I do but give myself up to it? It was already overwhelming . . .

I coughed.

Vaulted, slick-walled wind tunnels resounded with the rush of my breath, and the wind sung in sighing harmonies as it passed through drooping ropes of mucus.

I was slightly asthmatic at that time of year, but now I was shocked. How much mucus could the passageways of your lungs be draped with before it was all over?

"Walt," I said, "I'm completely in touch with the alveoli in my lungs. I can feel each one of them expanding and contracting and being happy with its food supply."

"I love it!" Walt shouted, louder than he needed to, laughing and clapping his hands together. "The alveoli! Wait till you get to the cellular level!" He was looming very large.

"Jesus, what's going on with you two, anyway," said Meryl, burying half her face now in the red-velvet back of the chair.

"Meryl, *please!*" said Walt. Can't you see he's having a heavy trip?" He turned to me again. "You feel stoned stratospheric to me, Gene. Am I not right?"

Walt was grinning and looking all golden and overwhelmingly together. His mustache was elegantly trimmed and professorial, his hair receding

wisely and maturely at the temples. He was just sitting there near me, on the couch, but the very proximity of our presences struck me as being as colossal an event as an encounter of the gods. I raised my hand in some feeble gesture of overpowered, mind-blown helplessness, then noticed that my hand was the hand of a Neolithic giant's, rough and hairy, but transparent, with the blood rushing in ceaseless pulses through its web of veins and capillaries. We weren't so far at all from the Neolithic.

"I've never been this stoned," I said, astonished by the sound of my voice—it sounded alien, as though it had come from a tape recorder. "This really is different from marijuana, isn't it?"

"Different from anything I know," said Walt, in a voice that could have been the pope's. "But it includes everything. It encompasses all."

"I'm going to bed," Meryl said, her voice crackling through this golden bubble Walt and I were blowing, like a jagged bolt of gray lightning.

"So early?" I said, aware of a pleading tone in my voice. Looking at Meryl made me uneasy now. She was shifting her eyes around, for some reason, and avoiding mine. I knew she was pissed—but pissed never looked like this to me before. She knew I knew she was pissed, and she knew how stoned I was as I observed her, which must have been like throwing fuel on the fire. Walt sitting there grinning and laughing must have made it even worse. When she stood up to go to bed, her body looked incredibly twisted and angular, as if the anger in her were warping her very bones.

"Are you sure you want to go to bed now, so soon?" I asked.

"I'm sure," she said, going in to Andy's room to cover him up.

Walt and I both said good night, and of course it sounded awkward and phony. Meryl didn't say anything more, just turned off the light and shut the bedroom door.

Immediately there was a tremendous surge in the energy—spiritual electricity? What was it? Did it even have a name? Or was it the Unnameable? "In the beginning was the Word." Whatever it was, it was shaking my poor, mortal body to the core. When I closed my eyes I thought I must be looking into the original thermonuclear furnace. Vast, mandalic, geometrical

shapes of intricate, ever-changing design and burning color wheeled and rolled and passed in front of me. I wanted to speak, but I couldn't utter a sound. Everywhere I looked around me in the room, the material shapes of things were vibrating, writhing . . . *dissolving!*

"What's happening, Walt?"

"It's okay, Gene. Relax. Just let it all go."

The words coming out of his mouth took on lives of their own and ran off in different directions. I just sat there, looking at him, trying to pull the words back together and understand what he was saying. What did he mean? How could I possibly relax? I wouldn't *dare* let it all go. There was a knot growing in my gut that just wouldn't be loosened.

"Something's wrong, something's really wrong, I know it," I said, "but I don't know what it is."

"Try to stop thinking," Walt said, quietly now. "Just be."

That had an effect. As I sat there, trying not to think, the material reality around us began to shimmer, then dissolve again. This time I didn't resist, I let it dissolve . . . let myself dissolve . . . saw Walt's face go through a hundred different expressions and emotions, though I knew he was holding it motionless, then heard myself gasp as it suddenly flowered into a sunburst of millions of Walt-like faces that receded in all directions into infinity.

Is that you? I heard myself saying, or thinking . . . Where was I?

It's me. You're in my head. Walt's voice said inside my head. *I'm you, too.*

"What did you say?" I said aloud, almost shouting.

"What?" said Walt.

"Something's still very wrong," I said.

"What could possibly be wrong?"

I got to my feet for the first time since . . . since I sat down. When? Aeons ago?

"Oh, my God, we're just sacks of blood and bones and stuff," I said. The knot of tightness in my gut was still growing, and I was getting more concerned.

"Listen," I said, and as we sat still, the silence rushed in on us, broken only by what sounded like something rubbing or scratching against the wall between us and the bedroom. *Could that be Meryl?* I thought, intensely aware of Meryl on the other side of the wall. I was convinced she was

right there, listening to us. She might as well have been still sitting with us in the same room. Except for the scratching—which sounded like a fingernail scraping against wall-paper—a malevolent fingernail. What was she doing? Her anger was still heavy in my head. Meryl was trying to hex me—that's what she was doing.

"Walt, I'm getting really uptight," I said, starting to double over with growing, increasingly excruciating pain. "I can hardly think straight it's getting so bad. What's going on?"

"You look to me like you have to pee," he said. "Could that be it?"

I stopped shifting from leg to leg. "Of course," I said. "Incredible." And I headed for the bathroom. The long, twisting, yellow stream seemed to never end. The uptightness gradually drained away.

When I came back, Walt was getting his gear together, and he handed me my coat. "Let's go out" he said. "You need to get out."

"You're the guide," I said.

I looked in on Andy for a minute, immersed in his peaceful two-year-old sleep, then thought of going in and lying next to Meryl and trying to comfort her and get her to come around. More than likely, though, she was still pissed. And it was hard to get her unpissed. Could I handle it?

"Come on," insisted Walt. "It's no good now. She'll be okay. Try her later."

I followed him out of the apartment and down the stairs...

...and into the natural world. □

NEXT MONTH: Part II

Cover Story

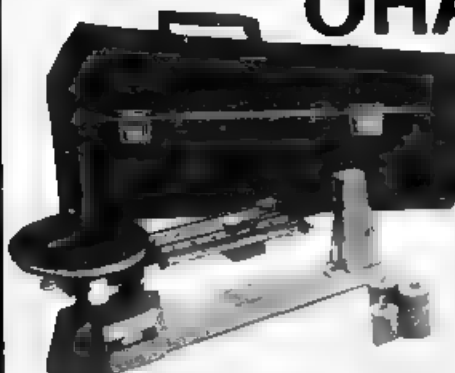
Steve Cooper constructed this scientifically accurate model of an LSD molecule himself, under the supervision of a Ph.D. biochemist at the University of Rochester.

Mind you, it's not the structure of an atom—it's the atomic structure of a molecule—the organic kind, that we're made up of ourselves, and which, for all its complexity, has been discovered spectrographically to exist in the furthest reaches of the universe.

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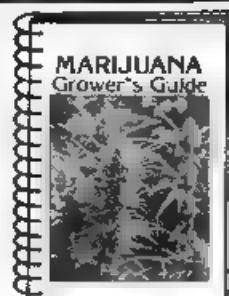
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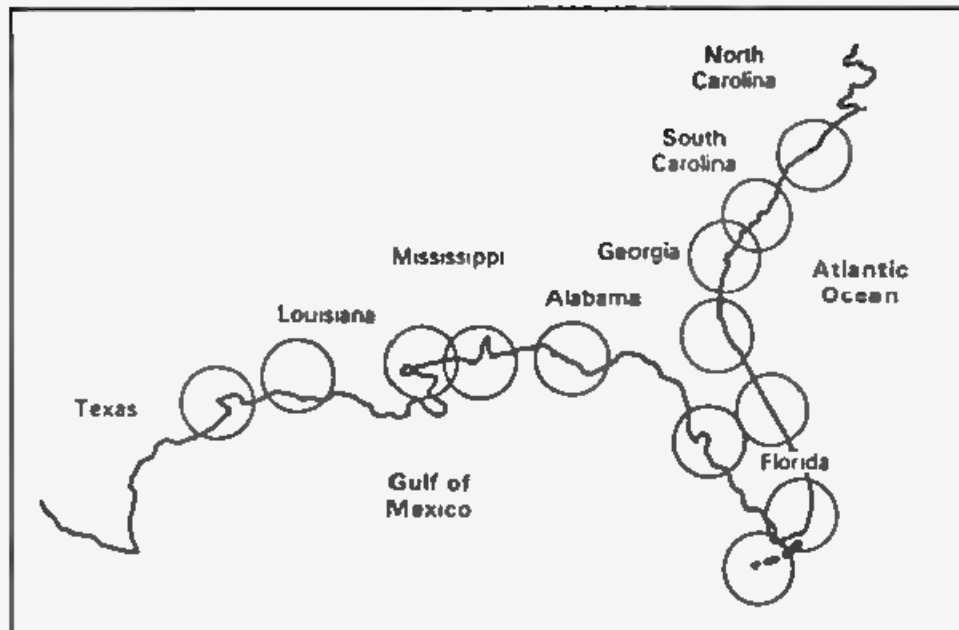
Comitatus Act of 1981 made it all 100 percent legitimate, and obviously it was supposed to have been the first ringing publicity testament to the enhanced efficiency of joint military-civilian drug enforcement. In the event, once you piece it all together from the GAO's fragmented and deadpan efficiency assessment, Operation Thunderbolt was pure comic opera.

It began in late '81, and ran out of steam the next spring. (Winter is prime time for Caribbean weed smuggling, since the last Colombian *marimba* harvest is in the late autumn.) It wasn't an unalleviated disaster, Operation Thunderbolt. Customs did make a few ship busts with the aid of the air force's tethered surveillance balloon, Seek Skyhook I, which hangs over Key West. It didn't inconvenience the air force, either, because they've promised Customs free access to their forthcoming Skyhook II balloon, which will hang over Fort Patrick AFB near Cape Canaveral. Beyond that, though, Thunderbolt was just a rib-splitter.

For 90 days straight, six Customs agents were flying around in the navy's E-2C Hawkeyes, with the mushyroomy radar dishes on their roofs. APS 125 radar units, with undisclosed range and specificity. Other Customs spooks were riding in the army's OV-1C radar turboprops, supposedly spotting dope planes.

Supposedly, it shouldn't have been too hard. Since any dope pilot who gets caught in Cuban airspace is sure to be forced down by MiGs and jailed for life in that horrible place, dope planes have to fly around Cuba. (Way around, too: the Cuban People's Ministry of Defense, convinced that dope-smuggling money is used to fund the anti-Castro *gusanos*, routinely reports any northward-tending radar blips to the U.S. Customs Air Support Branch at Homestead AFB in Florida.) This pretty much funnels all the dope traffic through three fairly narrow "choke points": the Yucatan Channel to Cuba's west, and the Windward and Mona passages to her east. (See map) So these Customs spooks got on every army and navy radar flight that sailed over these choke points, every day for three months, and reported all their suspicious northward-tending blips to the Air Support lads at Homestead.

They spotted 268 "potential targets," says the GAO. "Customs aircraft intercepted thirty-one of these targets, but none of these targets proved to be smuggling aircraft." Just because someone's



Radar coverage at 1,000 feet for southeastern United States.

flying a small, slow-moving, fixed-wing aircraft northward through a choke point, that doesn't necessarily mean the craft is full of dope. And if it is, chances are the pilot is pretty good at evading interception, even if he or she is spotted by a super-high-tech military radar jet. Also, the Customs spooks discovered that these army and navy flight crews didn't tend to keep the same nocturnal hours as smuggling pilots.

That was a major problem for the navy, and they told the GAO all about it. The Customs spooks interfered with their normal E-2C training schedules so annoyingly that "pilot readiness" was nearly halved for the three navy squadrons involved. Also, "another squadron lost much of its home station time, seriously affecting the unit's morale."

As for the army, they put no complaints about Operation Thunderbolt on the official record. However, since Customs managed to damage two of their OV-1Cs, the army is now dunning the Treasury Department—Customs is Treasury, remember—for over one million dollars apiece for each plane. (The whole Customs Air Support Branch budget for Miami, the GAO accountants note disgustedly, is only \$3.5 million per fiscal year.) And in the following spring, when Customs asked the army for the loan of four Blackhawk helicopters for the vice-president's Caribbean Drug War, the army was not exactly forthcoming; Customs eventually got one helicopter, but only after the manufacturers agreed that they, and not the army, would have to furnish any spare parts that might be needed.

To cap it all off, at the same time Customs

was running Operation Thunderbolt, with all this elegant supersnoop military assistance, off southeast Florida, the DEA and the Coast Guard were running Operation Tiburon III in the same place with no radar enhancement from the DOD. The number of dope ships nailed in Thunderbolt is not listed in this GAO report, but the Tiburon III haul of 70 vessels is cited as a much more satisfactory operation.

It's probably just as well. Customs all along had had an agreement with the DOD that, if there was a chance that one of these supersnoop busts might drag the DOD into U.S. court, then Customs would recommend that all charges be dropped against the suspected drug-crime perpetrators.

It really is no small or easy thing, you see, dragging the U.S. military into civilian law enforcement. Once the new, revised version of *Posse Comitatus* was firmly on the books in early 1982, of course, Vice-President George Bush unilaterally declared *literal* war on drugs in South Florida. He moved a host of new federal drugs-busting personnel into the area, to work under his personal supervision, and swore that they'd be assisted by everything from spy-in-the-sky Landsats to heavy cruisers and destroyers. White House press reports since then have regularly lauded the prowess of the South Florida Task Force, as it's called, and its phenomenal success at popping just historic amounts of dope—even while the purity and availability of heroin and cocaine have been rising apace, and the price of marijuana is as stable as ever, even consid-

ering inflation.

The response of the large-weight Florida dope-movers to Bush's marijuana blitzkrieg was perfectly predictable. A whole lot of them, according to reliable dope-trade report, have switched from moving marijuana to moving cocaine, which is just infinitely easier to smuggle in profitable commercial quantities. Those who stayed in weed largely switched their drop zones from the Everglades north to Cape Hatteras, that gorgeous smuggler zone off North Carolina, which has been continuously in use by *contrabandistas* since the 1500s. And many have gone back to Mexico, to discover that you can really make a dollar there with weed nowadays, thanks to the devalued peso. Bush and his advisers knew perfectly well that this would happen, that it would have to happen. Already they are bawling to start up no fewer than 17 similar paramilitary task forces around the country, so as to put the entire coastline of the United States under effective martial law, in the name of stopping drugs, and they'll get them, too, and then they'll need more task forces to stamp out domestic marijuana cultivation, everywhere from the Rockies to the Smokies. And no one with a reputation to consider will ever speak out against this at all, in very prudent fear of being permanently smeared as soft on drugs.

Whether the Pentagon will willingly go along with it is another question. So far, since the launching of this Presidential War on Drugs in early 1982, the DOD's disbursements have been far from generous, even rather niggardly, in many instances recorded by the GAO. The navy is running E-2C flights with Customs spooks aboard again, and the army has laid four Cobra copters on Customs. The army has also lent two Hueys to the DEA, and the navy says its P-3 jets will look for dope planes in the Caribbean, and its ships will tow dope vessels and transport their crews after they've been busted at sea by the Coast Guard. The air force has promised Customs access to its Skyhook radar balloons. And that's it. As far as the GAO reported, the U.S. Marine Corps hasn't contributed zip to this drug-war extravaganza, and there is no suggestion that they're ever likely to do so, willingly.

So far, though, this is all just so much low-tech constabulizing: cops trolling for dopesters and chasing after them on sight. The part that really threw a major scare into those dopesters in 1981, when Vice-President George Bush declared he was about to sic the American war

machine on them, was the part about the satellites. They're definitely up there, y'know, those spooky little Landsat birds, wheeling round and round the earth, day and night, rain or shine. And there are birds that don't wheel at all, but just hang there in the sky, 22,000 miles above the Caribbean Sea in stationary orbit, and they can snap a shot every four hours or less. So they can pick up on your personal pot shrimper as she sits at the loading dock 20 miles upriver from Ruohacha in La Guajira, they can tell that that emerald matter going aboard is *Cannabis sativa L.*, and then they can follow your personal shrimper right up into the Windward Passage, and sic the Coast Guard onto her there. It is this eerie spook-tech prospect, more than any other single factor, that has induced so many high-rolling *narcotrafficientes* into abandoning multi-ton marijuana carriage in favor of cocaine, which is impervious to spies in the sky.

However, to go by indications in this GAO report, it would almost appear that those spook birds don't really work all that great. NOSIC (the navy's National Oceanic Surveillance Information Center), they say, is "another example of a military system that has limited uses for drug interdiction." NOSIC simply does not look for vessels under 300 feet in length, y'see. "Of the 675 drug-smuggling vessels seized by the Coast Guard from 1973 to 1981, only two were longer than 300 feet." One hopes that if NOSIC wanted to, it could zoom in on smaller vessels; it would sort of shake your faith in the quality of our national security to hear that it simply can't, wouldn't it? If you can run in a single ton of marijuana past NOSIC, after all, then you can run in the ingredients of a nuke.

Aw, but you'd still have to run it past the radar, right? The GAO gets upbraided in this report, by Justice Department jefe Kevin Rooney, for publishing a map of the NORAD (North American Air Defense Command) capabilities for all of the southeastern United States. (See map) "DEA strongly believes," Rooney rumbles in his appended response to this GAO tract, "that while this map is not classified, it is in the public interest not to have this information widely disseminated."

It's hard to imagine why Rooney feels that way. In 1978 a friend of mine died after the crash of a dope plane in Colombia, and by circumstances too criminal to be divulged here, I inherited his charts for the whole southern tip of Florida; their radar specs are just infi-

Dope-chasing really does hamstring our gladiators and waste all their special war tackle...

nately more detailed than the GAO's rather simple-ass little map here. I don't know if these smuggling charts were bribed loose of Customs, the DEA, the Coast Guard, the air force, the FAA or whomever. But if I have this knowledge in my personal possession, then so does every working dope mover in the country. Why should it only exist among cops and robbers, and the honest public be deprived of this fascinating information?

Now, this map of the GAO's shows the capabilities of the North American Air Defense Command's permanent ground-based, line-of-sight radar installations to pick up on aircraft moving at 1,000 feet altitude. You can see that there are generous electromagnetic lacunae available for people who want to fly in dope at 1,000 feet. Glory! You can follow the St. Lucie Inlet into east Florida, the Caloosahatchee River in West Florida, or go right over Deadman Bay up in Dixie County and put down in the Okefenokee. In Louisiana, the whole Mississippi Delta is available, or there's lonesome Jefferson Davis parish to the west. And hell, all South Texas is wide open below Corpus Christi.

And that's at 1,000 feet. If, like any sensible dope pilot, you cross the border at barely 500 feet, those little circles on this map shrink by 50 percent in diameter, leaving you twice as much electromagnetic lacunae. Also, even if you do show up on the NORAD screen, your blip will only remain on it half as long as if you were up at 1,000 feet, and time is the main thing here, of course. (Takes God only knows how long to scramble the Customs Air Sup-

/ continued on page 79

SEX AND CLONING

Finally a definitive answer to our readers' most frequently asked question: "What's the best way to tell the sex of my plants?"

Cloning is the surest and most effective way to determine your plant's sex, plus, it enhances yields and assures top-quality smoke.



In August marijuana shows several signs of sexual differentiation. Male plants usually grow tall and lanky while females grow denser with shorter spaces between the sets of leaves. Sometimes there are a few premature flowers at the joint of the leaf and stem, between the eighth and twelfth internode. The male flower is about $\frac{1}{16}$ " to $\frac{1}{8}$ " long and looks like a ball on the stem. The females have two antennae protruding from an elliptical base, and no stem. If you are growing Afghani, kush or indicas, the sex should be evident by now.

Flowering is triggered by the photoperiod. Plants that receive 18 hours or more of light a day will remain in the vegetative growth stage. If the ratio is changed to 12 hours each of light and darkness, the plants will think it is fall and start to bloom.

Marijuana is dioecious: it has either male or female flowers. Occasionally a hermaphrodite develops. "Herms" have both male and female flowers. Most gardeners remove them from the garden because they may pollinate the other plants.

If the young adult plants have not shown their sex by this time, there is an easy way to tell who's who: "Cloning for Sex." There are many ways to tell the sex of a plant, but few are as certain, basic and simple as Cloning for Sex. The beauty of this method is that any-

body can do it, without altering the life cycle of the "parent" or "donor" plant. One commonly used sexing method makes the parent start flowering by giving it 12 hours of darkness per night. With Cloning for Sex, the parent plant is allowed to grow continually under "normal" conditions. It does not have to flower and then revert back to vegetative growth, which takes about six weeks, mutates growth and diminishes harvest.

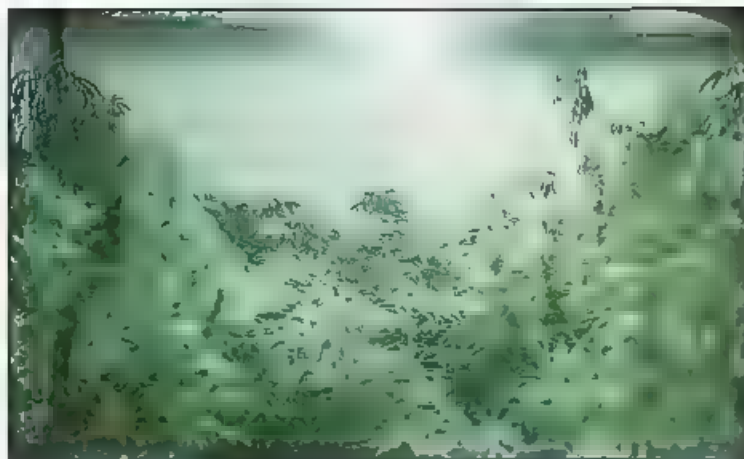
Why do people grow clones or cuttings indoors? Reasons: safety, yield, quality and growing time are just some. (For more about clones see: HIGH TIMES, "Cuttings," by Ed Rosenthal, Feb. '82 and "Better Smoking Through Cloning," by Robert Connell Clarke, Jan. '81.) With an indoor crop, using clones and a 1000-watt "super" halide, the horticulturist is able to grow a room full of females, beginning to end, in less than four months. This translates from an investment of \$300-\$500, depending on the cost of electricity and your indoor needs, to a harvest of 8 to 38 ounces of dried, primo, sinsemilla tops, depending on your level of expertise and care. This harvest may be taken three to four times a year, regardless of what the weatherman says! In fact, clones may be taken from clones for "generations" with no genetic breakdown. You may never want to go back

to seeds again!

To Clone for Sex, take two cuttings from each parent in question. Two clones are taken in the event that one dies. (See Step-by-Step instructions on how to take clones.) Make sure to label each clone and corresponding parent plant when sexing more than one, and always use waterproof labels.

When rooting, give clones only 12 hours of light by placing a cardboard box over them each night or by simply placing them in a dark cabinet, drawer or closet. The 12 hours of "uninterrupted total darkness" is the actual signal for marijuana to flower. If they do not get 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness they may not flower. The clones *must* be light tight at night! If this creates heat build up, move the box to a cooler location for the evening to prevent wilt. *Note.* Clones will flower whether or not they have roots! However, the stronger the root system, the more pronounced and stronger the flowers.

During the day, the tender little clones may be placed in a sunny southern window, on a patio, under a halide or HP (high pressure) sodium lamp. For best results, place the clones under an HID (High Intensity Discharge) lamp or in natural sunlight; this will promote



Cloning for sex will give you a bigger, better yield with a reduced growing time



When rooting, clones should be given 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness to ensure their flowering.



When taking clones, stay away from weak or sickly-looking branches as they tend to root slower. The nitrogen-rich upper branches should be used to make sure you get the best clones possible.

rapid flower formation. Heat build up may become a problem if clones are placed too close (less than three feet) to the HID. Most growers place the clones in the subdued light behind older plants, a foot or more away from the HID. Heat will dry the soil out rapidly if there is no humidity tent over the clones, and the little cuttings will therefore quickly dry up, get stunted or die from the lack of moisture. However, with a humidity tent, moisture condensation may become a problem. This is remedied by setting the clones up off the floor on blocks so that the soil underneath is able to "breathe." Very High Output (VHO) fluorescent lamps work fair when cloning for sex, and the less luminous "standards" also can be used.

The clones will show their sex in 5 to 15 days. The earliest way to detect this is by using a small magnifying glass. Simply match the labels of the clones with the corresponding parents to decipher males from females.

The little clones that were sexed as females make excellent early smoke, and if they are smoked, gardeners will be less likely to steal leaves or undeveloped foliage from plants still in the vegetative stage. Remember, leaves are the food factories of a plant—they are necessary for a healthy crop!

Now that you know the boys from the girls, take your cuttings from the best female plants. Which females will give the best clones? The females selected should have fast, squat, bushy growth with early, sustained, high THC potency. Clones will be exact replicas of the female they are taken from. *Cannabis indica* usually has all of these characteristics and is the favorite of most indoor growers. The bushier and healthier the outdoor female, the more clones she can produce.

Before a branch can grow roots from the stem, some very important changes must take place. First, the stem must stop green vegetative growth; then, undifferentiated growth or cells must form on the subterranean stem. Undifferentiated cells must form before roots are able to grow. The "mother's" lower, slow-growing branches have less nitrogen and a higher carbohydrate (starch) content than the upper branches. Nitrogen promotes green leafy growth while a high carbohydrate content promotes undifferentiated growth. These are the branches to consider first when taking clones. However, stay away from weak or sickly branches; they tend to root slower.

Cloning, step by step

(1) With a sharp blade (do not use scissors), take cuttings from firm healthy branches about $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ " in diameter and 2" to 8" in length. Trim off one to three sets of leaves and buds (nodes) so the stem can fit in the soil. *Immediately* place the little clones in fresh water after cutting and stripping lower leaves off.

(2) Fill containers with coarse, washed sand, fine vermiculite or soilless mix, and water until saturated. Use a pencil to make holes in the rooting medium a little larger than the stem. If this is your first time cloning, it will probably be easiest to use peat pots or rooting cubes.

(3) Many growers prefer to use a rooting hormone and they get a better "stick" rate than those who do not. Almost all rooting hormones contain a fungicide. A fungicide is very important for clones because they grow best in a humid environment that promotes fungi. Some of the most common brands are: Hormex, Rootone-F, Hormodin and Superthrive. Swirl the cutting(s) in the diluted liquid hormone for ten seconds, or dip the stem in powder hormones. Place the cuttings in the hole in the rooting medium. Pack it gently but firmly around the stem.

(4) If Cloning for Sex, give plants 12 hours of natural sunlight or halide light. Make sure they get 12 hours of uninterrupted total darkness. If cloning known females, give them 18 hours of fluorescent light to ensure vegetative growth.

(5) Place a humidity tent over rooting clones to keep the humidity at 80+ degrees. The tent may be constructed of anything transparent. The tent helps retain moisture since there are no roots to supply the leaves with water. Soil surface should be kept evenly moist. Watering may only be necessary once or twice when using the tent.

(6) The humidity tent should maintain a temperature of between 70 and 80 degrees. If the temperature should fall below this level, rooting will be slower, and if much warmer, it might kill the plants.

(7) Some of the cuttings might wilt for up to three days, which is normal. If they wilt for over a week, clones will be stunted or die and should be yanked.

(8) In two to four weeks, the cuttings should be rooted. The tips of the leaves will turn yellow, roots may be seen growing out drain holes, and clones will start vertical growth.

(9) Transplant rooted clones into 5-gallon pots or set in a hydroponic unit.

If the little clones get a competitive edge at an early stage in life, they will maintain it throughout life. Likewise, if they get off to a slow start, they may never catch up! It is superimportant to keep them healthy and growing fast at all times.

It is easy to maintain clones by making sure all the basic needs, especially heat and humidity, are met. But if you are not into just maintaining the little clones, and want to give them a head start on the world, use the proper fluorescent. One of the ways to maintain this competitive edge is to root clones under the brightest fluorescent, with the best spectrum possible. Fluorescents that are VHO produce about two and a half times as many lumens and use three times the amount of electricity as the standards. Combine "warm white" and "cool white" VHO tubes to get a very bright, cool lamp for rooting clones. *Note:* The warm white and cool white must be used together to get the proper spectrum. Using two 4-foot VHO tubes, a total of 215 watts is available. Another lamp that is very popular and works extremely well is marketed under the name "Vita-Lite." □

TALES FROM THE BATHROOM

BY SANTIAGO COHEN

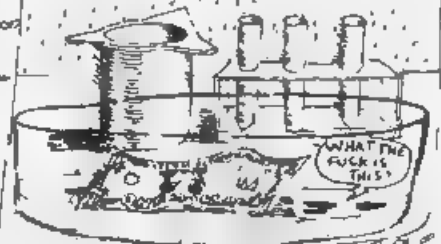
SKIP ROKFORT, A MAN OF SCIENCE, HAD ONE GOAL IN LIFE: TO FIND THE CURE FOR "CANCER"



HE WORKED FOR 20 YEARS AND DISCOVERED AMONG OTHER THINGS THAT CANCER WAS ALSO A HOROSCOPE SIGN



ONE DAY WHILE HE WAS CLONING A VIRUS, HE DROPPED A "BUCK" WITHOUT NOTICING



THE NEXT DAY HE DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD CLONED NOT THE CANCER VIRUS, BUT THE "DOLLAR BILL" BY MISTAKE



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS SCIENTIFIC LIFE SOMETHING WAS REALLY WORKING GOOD



THINGS WERE NEVER THE SAME FOR SKIP, HE SPENT MOST OF THE TIME TRYING TO CLONE A 20-DOLLAR BILL



HE WORKED 23 HOURS A DAY FOR THIS NOBLE CAUSE



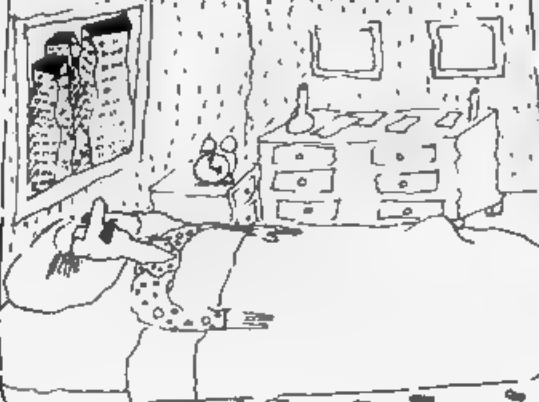
BUT THE ONLY GOOD THING HE COULD DO WAS TO LEAVE THE 20-DOLLAR BILL



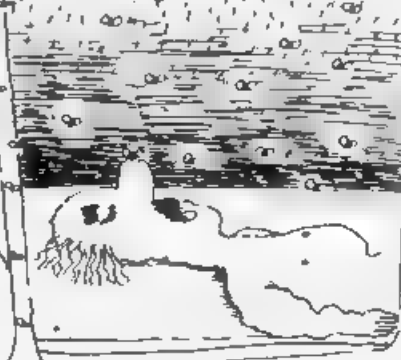
AND EIGHT HOURS LATER GET ONE TEN AND TWO FIVES



DR. ROKFORT WAS INFECTED BY ONE OF HIS VIRUSES



AND DIED AT THE AGE OF 60



DOCTORS COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IN THE AUTOPSY THEY FOUND TWO HUNDRED DIMITS IN HIS KIDNEY



SANTIAGO COHEN

MAD ENOUGH TO PUKE ON THE WHOLE WORLD

It's not clear to me how it came about exactly. There had been a five-thousand advance and then a year or so had gone by and I heard from Harry Flax that they were shooting the movie in Italy.

Harry Flax was kind of a front-runner, con man and pusher for *Waterbed Press*. Harry Flax had his fingers in everything, including my bookcase where some of my rare books had vanished, but that's another story, and H.F. is not the only one who has dipped into my bookcase during my drinking bouts. Anyhow, I learned that they were shooting *Songs of the Suicide Man*, Luigi Bellini was directing, Ben Garabaldi was to play me, and Eva Mutton was to be my main prostitute. I seldom went to movies because I could murder my own hours, I didn't need extra help. But the few people I knew told me that Bellini was a big number, had done a few odd and daring movies. So they said. Over the years I had stumbled into some Garabaldi acting. He wasn't bad. Not great but not bad. He had appealing eyes like a constipated man sitting on the pot straining to crap. I liked the eyes. But take that away and he was too comfortable. Nice macho guy, but self-pleased, not insane at all. Probably got a great variety of ass and this cooled him out. Didn't know much about Eva Mutton but they told me she was the sleek, sultry bit, the Italian men dreamed of cranking it to her.

Okay, so I heard from Flax, heard from Hans Weiner, my hit man and

agent in Europe, so I knew the filming was under way. My short stories from *Waterbed Press* were taking another form. Okay, so I forgot about it. I was working on my childhood novel, *The*

typewriter I was drinking with Linda, and although she only weighed 101 and I scaled at 225, she matched me drink for drink. Strange person to run a health-

food café. Anyhow, the horses ran lucky and the typing too, and about three-quarters through the novel I got a phone call from Flax. He told me that the Italians were in town, they had to shoot some scenes down at Venice Beach and they wanted to meet me. I told him okay, and a time and place was set. Linda liked the movie scene. I was ready for the worst: stick your dick out the window and a blackbird will come along and tweak the head right where the urine expels...

We parked outside the place in West Hollywood. Linda and I got out of my car and Flax and his girl Sunday got out of theirs.

"Wait a minute," I said, "we can't go in there yet."

"Why not?" Flax asked.

"They might not have anything to drink."

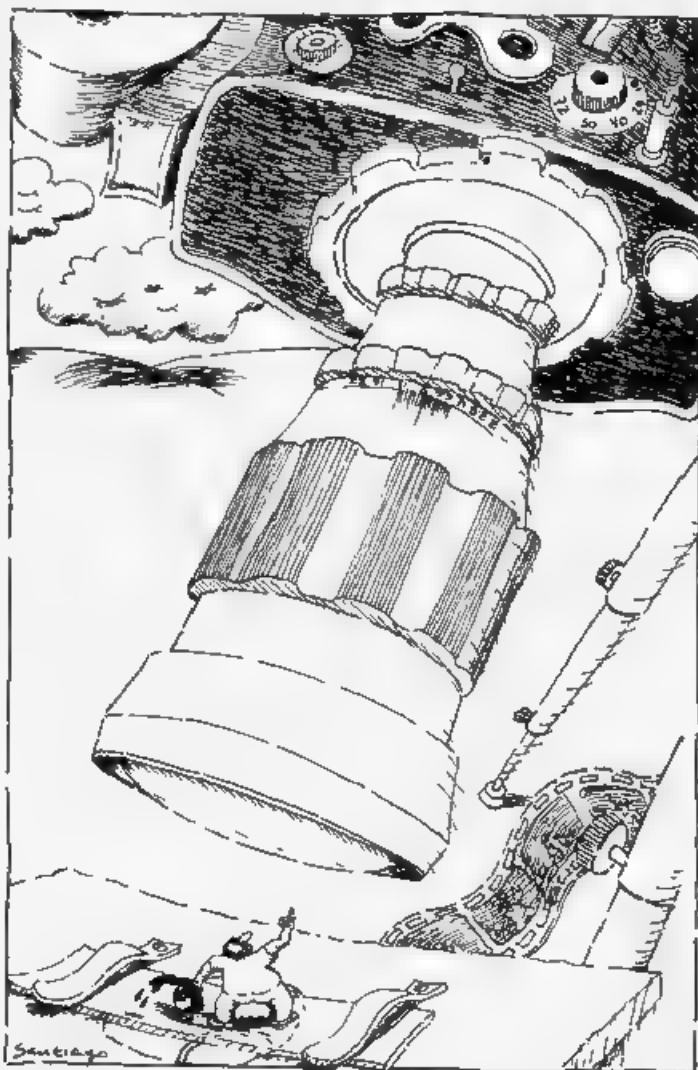
"Sure they will."

"Can't chance it."

There was a liquor store across the street and I went in and purchased seven bottles of wine...

It was a large room with a row of tables covered with a long plank. The whole crew was there, Bellini, Garabaldi,

Mutton was in Italy. She wasn't in the Venice scenes. Introductions were made. Lots and lots of Italians, most of them small and thin. Except for Bellini, who was very short and very wide, and he had a nice, human, interesting face.



Band-Aid Dog, and just thinking about my father and all those shits in grammar school who pissed on me—that was enough to think about

So I drank and typed and went to the track, and when I wasn't drinking at the

Garibaldi was in bluejeans with beard to look like me, and I was cleanly shaven with Brooks Brothers coat, new slacks and shined shoes.

Somebody passed me a paper cup full of white wine. I drank it off. It was warm.

"Is this all you've got?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, but there's lots of it!"

"Christ, this stuff is warm! You don't drink white wine warm! What's the matter with you people?"

"Ice!" somebody yelled. "Get some ice! Ice!"

I unbagged a bottle of red wine, put the corkscrew to it, poured a drink for myself and Linda, passed the bottle to the Italians.

"You ought to get some red," I said.

"Red wine!" somebody yelled. "Get some red wine!"

Bellini looked at me. He was across the table.

"Chinaski," he said, "we'll have a drinking contest."

I laughed.

He swung his right leg up and put it on the table.

"What the hell you doing?" I asked.

"This is the way I drink."

"Okay." I swung my leg up on the table.

Bellini drained his drink. I drained mine. We got refills and drained them. It was going to be a great afternoon.

One of the Italians stuck a microphone under my face.

"Your mother sucks dogs' ears," I told him.

He was a good boy. He laughed.

Ben Garibaldi was standing next to me. He just held his wine cup in his hand. In an interview a year later he was to tell people that he had drunk me under. I suppose actors imagine what they want to.

"I saw you in that movie where you ran a nightclub," I said. "Not bad."

"I'm reading your books," he smiled.

"I had a girlfriend once who sculpted. She knew an actor who knew you and this actor had it set up so she was going to come see you and sculpt your head but I wouldn't let her because I was afraid you were going to fuck her."

He smiled again. He had a nice smile, full of knowledge. And those eyes. But he wasn't the right guy to play Chinaski. He was dozing inside.

Since the microphone was there I answered some questions and told some stories and the drinking went on. The Italians laughed in all the right places

while I talked. Linda wandered off, she had heard all my shit. We drank on and on. I took off my coat and burned cigarette holes in my shirt. It wasn't much of a drinking contest: the paper cups were too small and you had to keep pouring. At home I drank out of a silver chalice that held half a fifth. Soon there was nothing but white wine and warm beer left. It was a dumb place to be. I gathered Linda, Flax and Sunday and we got out of there. When Linda and I got back to our place we got into our own bottles and really got to it. Professional drinkers just can't stand the other kind.

Months went by. Maybe a year. The novel got finished and I wondered if there'd ever be another one. Well, that didn't matter. I still had the horses, the poem and the short story. And the wine.

About this time I began to get letters from people that *Songs of the Suicide Man* was finished, that it was playing in Italy. Later I heard it was playing in Germany and then in France. I heard from a half-dozen people who had seen it. The writer is damn near always the last. Who's the writer anyhow? A writer is just like a whore. You use a whore and then you are done with any further contact.

They think that if writers suffer they will be all the better off for it. That's crap. Suffering is just like anything else: get too much of it and you will eventually go under. Escape from suffering is what creates great writers: it feels so good that it makes everybody feel good.

Well, never mind, let's get down to it. The film finally landed here in L.A.—in Hollywood—it was to open at a theater on Melrose. The phone began to ring. Too much. But it wasn't Garibaldi or Bellini, it was the distributors and the friends of the distributors. This was a whole new gang. One guy, Benji, he wanted to interview me. He had a way of phoning at 8 A.M., right into my hangover.

"No, Benji, no interview—"

"It will help the movie!"

"I'm not pushing the movie. I've heard it's a piece of crap."

"No, it's great! It's great! I'll just ask a few questions in relationship to *The Suicide Man*. It'll help—"

"Goddamn you, Benji, I've told you twice that I drink late at night and never to phone before noon!"

"But by noon you've left for the racetrack!"

"You've got it."

Click

I found out it works this way. At least in this case. The distributor buys the rights to show the movie, say English rights or American rights or U.S. rights, from the makers of the movie. Then the distributor tries to push it on the theaters and get back his take there. Anything he gets over his take is his profit. There are percentage variances in these deals, but basically, in arrangements with overseas moviemakers, I'm told this is how it works. It seems to me to be one hell of a pressure gamble.

And one afternoon the distributor came by, with Benji, and three others, but what their function was was unclear. (Never use the same word twice in the same sentence and especially not next to each other. No no.) The distributor's name was George Blackman and he was from New York and I like people from New York when I meet them in San Pedro, it's when I meet them in New York that I get confounded. He was a big guy in a gray suit and necktie, and Benji had on a gray suit and necktie, and I know these types, their shoes are always a little scuffed and the ends of their collars stick out. And Blackman's girlfriend was Angel, and Angel's hair was pure white and her face looked a thousand years old and yet part of it looked as if she were 19. That's called coming through, and they had all come through quite well and, ah, they had a rocklike charm but I didn't quite know what to do with them, except they brought bad cheap wine in gallon jugs with handles and I put these in the broom closet and trotted out my good red. Linda was curious and asked them a lot of questions, which was good, because it kept them off of me. Deals like this always involved drinking and eating and drugs maybe and a certain easiness, while always overhead somewhere loomed the pressure and the desperation of staying alive through whatever the hell we thought we were doing.

"You get a percentage on this movie?" Blackman asked me.

"Supposed to, and don't ask me if it's a percentage of the net or the gross. We know the game."

"All right," said Blackman, "I won't ask."

Later they followed us in their car and we went down to the docks to the place where they had the live crabs and the ovens. I liked it because it was non-tourist and many working types hung

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HIGH

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those hang-ups I mentioned to you before—my parents and my sexual hang-up—and I totally erupted in this guy's room. Just vomiting and throwing things and screaming, and they took me outside and walked me through the snow. I remember I thought I was Jesus Christ expounding to all the people. I really was yelling a bunch of nonsense. I'd no idea what I was yelling, and I came back to my room and I tried to rape this girl. People stopped me, but I saw this girl and I said, "Do you want to ball me?" And I grabbed her. Then when I was coming down, I saw that it was my paranoia with my parents and my frustration over being a virgin that brought it all on. Also, I realized what an ego trip I was on and realized that I was living in an illusion that I was not even aware of. I really thought—the way that I woke up from that acid—I never felt worse in my life.

Because these therapeutic expectations were highly exaggerated, many users were disappointed in the results of their drug use.

R: Um, it was preplanned in that I had been reading about some other people's psychedelic experiences and how they had gotten into really heavy places, like getting back to the moment when they were born, that sort of thing. And I thought, wow, I'd really like to trip and try to concentrate on getting back to the moment when I was born. Of course, what happened was that the trip brought nothing like that whatsoever, but that was kind of the impetus behind it. And I first realized that by reading something, it was possible to get somewhere more important on psychedelics than I realized before.

I: And so you were really setting out to do some work on this?

R: Yeah.

The crash from excessive expectations often led to painful and rather hollow mouthings of a religious nature. The decision to turn to Eastern religions and mysticism came partly from these disappointments. Partly, too, that decision was the outgrowth of the drug experience itself. The sense of a genuinely alternate state of consciousness—an awareness that perceptions, both external and internal, can change—raised questions about the unvarying nature of the usual state of consciousness and

everyday reality (Zinberg, 1974). I believe that the campaign against use of these drugs deprived users, for a time at least, of the opportunity to work through their drug experiences and to integrate them socially and psychologically with their usual consciousness experiences. Thus, forced out of their everyday environment (Zinberg, 1981; Zinberg and Harding, 1982) by their drug experience and by the culture's response, they turned to obscure and sometimes bizarre philosophical or religious ideas.

I: What's the main thing you recall about it? What happened?

R: Well, generally, the first trip was one of the most unusual—it lodged me into maybe a black, sinister side. I really got into the black arts.

I: So you were into magic?

R: Well, after that I was convinced of something.

Obviously, this type of experience only increased the alienation between users and the straight society.

There also were important political overtones. As Kenneth Keniston (1969) and others have shown, the drug-using groups initially were apolitical. And certainly the straightforward political young people who in the early 1960s were struggling for civil rights and improved health care in Mississippi and Alabama were antidrug and contemptuous of drug users. But in consonance with the old maxim, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend," the drug revolutionaries as well as the civil-liberties revolutionaries soon began to see the reigning cultural outlook as narrow, repressive and destructive.

R: I think there are now many fewer people taking acid—that the relationships are much more carefully worked out about acid. It used to be that a whole corridor of students, you know, in a dormitory, just would take it on the spur of the moment. When I first came to teach here, that was around 1969–1970, things like that would happen. There would be campus riots here, tear gas and the police, and the kids would be tripping their brains out. I know that people wouldn't do that anymore. They are too wise.

It would be going too far to say that "make love not war" came solely from lysergic acid and a few other chemicals, but the use of psychedelics had ideological significance in the antiwar movement. It could be argued, and probably correctly, that the drug-using part of

that movement was the fringe, the alienated, and not the core movers and workers. Yet drug use was important in that it espoused in an ideological sense the fighting of repression. For many of our psychedelic subjects, too, aggressive political activity, which contrasted sharply with their earlier drug stance, seemed to compensate for the feeling of disappointment over the psychedelic experience.

I: When you were tripping, can you recall any really good moments or experiences that you had? Anything stand out in your mind?

R: Let's see. Well—not really. Tripping I always got the attitude, is this all there is?

I: It was never a monumental thing?

R: Yeah. I always expected so much more from it. But it made me aware of myself and of other people who were using it. I watched those other people who were using it and saw that the answer wasn't just to sit around and hallucinate in your head and then decry Kent State and Cambodia on the one hand, but then just give up on the other hand. I saw that wasn't the answer. There were bad, horrible things going on. These were bad men, evil men, who were running the country and lying and cheating the people. I had to do something about it. At the same time, I developed an intense dislike for these "peace" people who were always loaded.

I: You said you felt you had to do something about it. Did you?

R: Yeah, yeah. I joined the campus SDS. I occupied buildings. I got my head busted. All those things.

Effects of the Drug. The effects of psychedelics on our using subjects were remarkably consistent, whether positive or negative. Certainly the patterns of the drug's effects were far more consistent than was the case with either marihuana, opiates or alcohol. The first important effect mentioned again and again by our subjects was the influence on relationships, a kind of powerful bonding among people who tripped together.

R: I asked my friend about his first trip, and he said that none of the people really knew each other; they had heard of each other and had met at cocktail parties, but that's all. And at the end of the trip, they knew each other [laugh] extremely well. So I imagine that through that, through acid, I will get to know some of these people better. If they'd be willing to try it, I think that's one way

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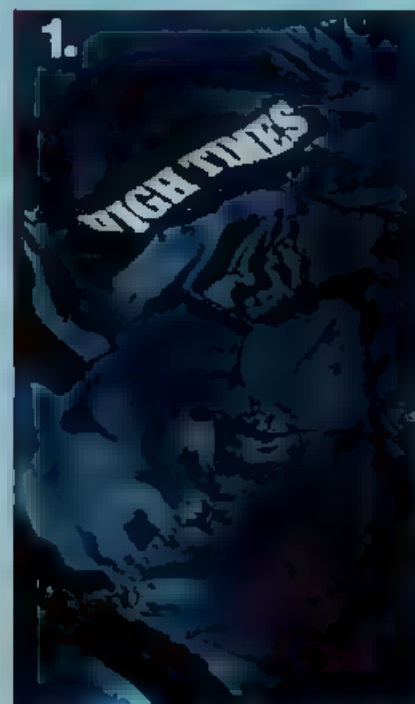
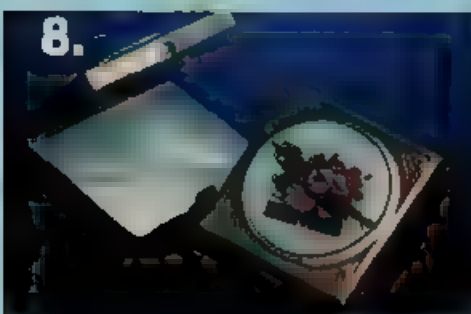
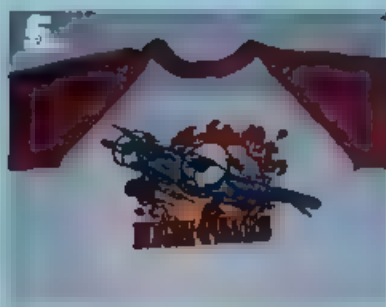
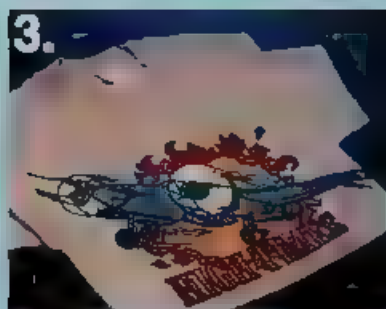
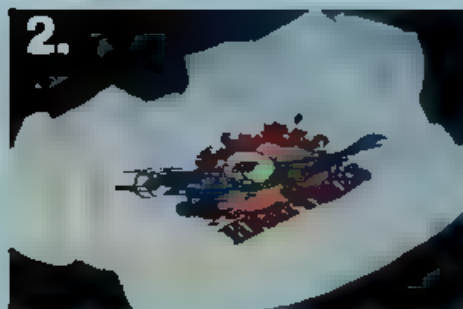
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people could get to know me quickly.

Most of our subjects experienced this bonding and sense of personal closeness. Many reiterated that psychedelic use had had a profound influence on their interpersonal relationships. A sense of openness about themselves enabled people who used together to relax certain critical faculties. The shared experience seemed to establish a feeling of kinship, as reported earlier by Zinberg (1974) and by Grinspoon and Bakalar (1979).

I: What happened during the trip?

R: We talked. I had never talked so openly about myself before in my life. And it was easy. I didn't feel, you know, like hiding anything about myself, or that what I was was so terrible. Then he told me about himself, and I could understand him and feel close and think everything he thought was bad about himself was really okay, just like it was with me.

Sometimes the shared experience included more than openness; it appeared also as a special type of kinship shared by those who had done something daring, dangerous and illicit.

R: I was with a pretty stable group of friends. We all got high pretty regularly [laugh]. And there weren't any tensions, like this was a group I felt comfortable with and part of. In eleventh grade I started getting into acid pretty heavily, toward the end of the fall and into the winter. By wintertime I was tripping like a couple of times a week. On some levels, none of my friends were very bright. School was essentially a very weird situation for me in terms of—I was like an honor-type student, on the one hand, and had nothing to do with the other honor-type students who were superstraights. The people I hung around with, some of them were bright but didn't use it; some of them just "hung out."

I: So there was a real disjunction between your school life and your friends? The friends you hung around with outside of school? How did you feel?

R: I felt good. I liked the idea of the contrast that I had. It was a small school, and I was possibly the brightest person in that school, but at the same time, I didn't work at being in school.

This was particularly true of the younger group, who tended to talk a great deal to one another about their shared experience: Who had done it?

When? With whom? Was it good acid?

I: In thinking about your group of friends, do some people more than others seem interested in using LSD?

R: Sure.

I: The acid group?

R: Yeah.

I: If so, how do they show it?

R: They talk about it: "Let's trip together"; they describe their trip experiences in detail. I'm amazed at the amount of time that I will spend talking about trips with people. "Last time I tripped, this and this happened. I saw this and that..." "Yeah, yeah, the last time I tripped, this and that happened to me..." That's a pretty frequent conversation.

This apparently repetitious conversation also seemed to buttress sanctions and rituals. The secret-society aspect of use led many of our subjects to adopt odd times and odd places for tripping:

R: We weren't supposed to, 'cause it was a formal school trip, right? And, you know, about a third of the school tripped, and, you know, it was really, it was incredible, the way people got along.

I: How did the principal and the teachers handle it?

R: Well, they thought it was a really good weekend, right? 'Cause here were all these people who were—they didn't see us all day 'cause they were out walking and stuff. And then they'd come back after a day of tripping and we were still tripping, you know, sitting around talking at night, sitting around the fire.

I: Did they ever find out?

R: Probably, but nothing's ever been said.

R: Uh, I—every once in a while I'd stop working, maybe for a weekend or something, or for a Friday and a Saturday, and every Sunday there was a whole bunch of us that got together in church and did acid.

I: Just before church, or in church?

R: No, it was like in the afternoon, you know, when nobody was in the church; we'd just go in and sit down and talk and stuff.

I: And do acid?

R: Yeah.

Once the users had learned to control the effects of the drug, they often took special pleasure in going into the world to test the impact of their different vision and its effect on their interactions

with other people:

I: Was the second experience you had similar to or different from the first one?

R: It was similar in that it was taken with the same friends. This one was at night, and at one time we did go into the town and buy something. And I learned about how to come down enough to, like, go and buy something at a store, and stuff like that. I learned, like, how to control myself and not be paranoid.

I: How did you learn that?

R: Uh, it's a group thing. Like, you're gonna—someone tells you that you can do it and you do it. You just come down when you have to. Just pull out, because acid isn't like a body drug. It's a head drug. And if you learn to know it, you can pull yourself out of the mood.

R: There was often a secret pleasure in going out into the world and experiencing it. You know, how it was out there. Let me look at them with my eyes open, for maybe the first time. I wanted them to see me too, to know what I'm like when the hostility is drained away.

Users' relationships with their parents made this testing of interactions extremely problematical. One young man who did not wish to be discovered by his parents admittedly took a great risk when he tripped in the next room.

R: My parents were in the other room. Most of my previous drug use at my earlier ages was done in my own room with the door closed. And usually with a light burning very dimly I did most of my tripping there, at night.

The dilemma of how to continue use when their children were present was often expressed by our older subjects:

I: How much is too much acid in your opinion?

R: In a given dose, you mean?

I: No, in usage.

R: Well, I can only speak for myself. I would say that for me, I come back to my rules about using it. I like to use it with, like, one person or a small group of people that are very carefully picked out, in a careful situation where I'm not going to be confronted with tasks that I won't be able to do. Like, I won't use it during the university term when I'm teaching, or when I have to prepare something. And also the kids. The kids, by the way, don't like it. My daughter very specifically says she doesn't want me to be tripping. At least not in her presence. And that's the arrangement.

That's an important restraint on me, by the way. She says, "Daddy, I don't want to be around you when you're tripping. You act funny, and I'm afraid that the car is going to crash and you're going to be arrested by the police." She sees this on TV, as a matter of fact. So I said, "Okay, that's the deal." And since they live with me half the time and with their mother the other half, they're frequently here. It means I have to arrange it specifically. It's usually Saturday night.

Obviously this subject's efforts to establish and maintain the social sanctions and rituals that would allow the trip to be successful would have been interfered with by concern about his children and certainly by conflict with them.

The second major drug effect often mentioned by our subjects was a sense of personal revelation that might be experienced either as physical sensation (sexuality or sensuality, including eating) or as personal insight (philosophical or spiritual understanding of oneself and the universe).

R: What happened was that I got much more interested in talking with people I was with and in walking around outside. Again it was winter and there was snow on the ground, and it was quite pretty. Again, I was making reflections on visual things, but beginning somewhere inside my head to see that there was a heavier dimension to all this than I had realized before—just, you know, the first revelation.

The reports on physical sensation, and especially sexual and sensual interests, varied considerably more than was the case with marijuana users. Many subjects reported enhanced sensuality after use of psychedelics.

R: Everything looked so good. I could just look at the sea and feel it on my skin and in my bones. Touching it was ecstasy. Sensations were exquisite.

But some reported decreased interest in direct sexual experiences:

R: I was too into myself to want to touch him. He looked beautiful and I wanted to look at him. But not anything as rough as sex. He said the same thing. He really loved me and sometimes he would want me, but right now he didn't think he could even get it up.

Several men reported difficulty in achieving erections, and several women

remained dry and unresponsive physically, despite great waves of sensuality and longing. However, an occasional subject transcended that barrier and reported:

R: A merging. I couldn't tell which of us was which. I was in her body and she in mine. It was incredible and when I finally came, it was like no orgasm I ever had before. It was my whole body.

Inasmuch as psychedelic drugs, which are chemically related to the amphetamines, are appetite suppressants, subjects did not report the delight in eating that characterized our marijuana users. But they often reported great pleasure in simply tasting small quantities of a special substance, particularly after a long period of tripping:

I: What else do you remember about the trip?

R: Well, we had been on the beach for hours, lolling around, talking, enjoying ourselves. Once in a while, somebody wondered whether, you know, we should have something to eat or drink, and I couldn't even imagine it. Then somebody, he was very energetic all day, got up and went into the house and brought back boysenberry sherbet. It was Häagen-Dazs, and I took one mouthful. It was absolutely delicious. I thought it was the best thing I had ever tasted in my life. I could taste every nuance of the flavor and also felt, really felt, the texture as I never had before in my life. I took one more taste, but that was all. It was perfect, but it was enough.

The sense of personal revelation or illumination was not limited to physical sensations but might take the form of personal insight, either in regard to oneself or, in a philosophical-spiritual-religious sense, to the universe. This was not a static response but one that changed as the user gained more experience with the drug:

R: When I trip now, I think about what's going on in my personal life rather than thinking about communicating with a godhead or something like that. There is less of a psychedelic thing to it, and more of a personal thing to it. I don't know if that's going to be a permanent change, I don't really know.

These illuminating effects of psychedelic use were consistent with the individual's personality structure and with what was going on in his or her emotional life at the time. For example,

subjects who in their usual state of consciousness tended to deal with conflict by turning passive concerns into some active form would respond, while tripping, in the same general way. Somatizers somatized; cerebral types cerebrated; and so on.

I: What's the biggest mistake you've made about drugs?

R: Being too overconfident. In the two or three trips that I've had, I guess I consider that that's where my mistakes were. That I felt getting high would improve the quality of whatever was going down. I could have realized it if I had just stopped to think about it; it was a situation that could only be hurt by tripping. The mistakes I've made in terms of drugs are the mistakes I've made in general, in terms of not slowing down to think about what's really going on.

R: It used to be that I would wait for things to happen, for someone to come to me. Which is sort of a paranoid model. From the way I grew up, I waited for things to happen to me. I became aware of that sort of pattern through LSD use. For some people, it takes them months of therapy to figure that kind of thing out. The acid thing just [snaps fingers] put me right at that place of understanding the pattern. So, in a sense, even though I was probably crying for half the trip, it was not so much fear or anxiety as just settling into a lot of it. It was the same kind of crying people do in marathons in therapy. They are crying, but it's kind of a relief, almost, to be crying. It's kind of a "I'm comfortable with myself" kind of crying. And I'm back in touch with that pain, which is to say a real experience that I had cut myself off from. I think of acid experiences, tripping and therapy a lot in the same way. It's probably why in the first six months of this year I didn't do any acid much. 'Cause my therapy was the same thing, more or less.

The importance of set does not mean that a personality problem or difficulty bred bad trips *per se*. As H. L. Barr et al. (1972) discovered, there are typologies of reactions to psychedelic drugs, and the severe reactions do not necessarily follow personality disturbance. Some of Barr's most disturbed subjects handled the experience well, while some of those with the best-balanced personality structure had trouble. Our findings completely substantiated that conclusion. Set was a crucial factor, but the trip experience was more closely re-

lated to some aspect of the setting (for example, to personal relationships) and to social sanctions and rituals than to personality difficulties.

I: Did you ever have any adverse or unpleasant experiences with hallucinogens?

R: Yes, many

I: Yes?

R: Well, I particularly had a single experience, a bad, horrible experience with MDA, which is the kind of thing that just works on the emotional kind of realm. But at that point I was going through a kind of crisis dealing with my parents, and the parents were the internalized parents. That lasted for about thirteen hours. It was the most horrible experience I've ever gone through.

I: Did that stop you from using it?

R: No.

Most of the experiences reported in this section concerning subjects who had bad trips were idiosyncratic, based on specific set issues, and often the users had shown bad judgment through inexperience or by not following the accepted sanctions and rituals. Such mistakes became less common as our subjects continued to use psychedelic drugs. My conviction that heavy psychedelic use is unlikely to persist grew out of our subjects' reports of their long-term experiences, which showed the shifting nature of the drug's effects. Many said that their anxiety over tripping increased rather than decreased although this did not necessarily cause them to give up use: 61 percent indicated that they would like to continue very occasional use, while 94 percent reported that they had reduced use from their beginning level.

R: I don't know, maybe I'm wrong, and maybe any acid I would do would give me the same good high as before. But I don't get it; I'm afraid, and to me it's not worth risking it because eventually, if I keep taking more and more drugs, eventually I'm gonna get a bad trip and I'll get bummed out, and I don't want that to happen, and that's why I don't do that much.

I: Do you plan, at any point in the future, either immediate or long range, to trip again?

R: I'm not planning it, but I suppose, under certain circumstances, I would. I always said after I tripped the first time that I didn't want to trip again unless, like, I was again with a guy that I really like—unless I was going out with someone and I really enjoyed and trusted

him, and then I'd wanna trip with him.

Our subjects' previous concerns about the bad health effects of the drug seemed more overwhelming as they continued use. For many, the experience simply became more and more negative:

R: I started having bad trips, and I just stopped. Plus my tolerance was getting rather heavy. It took two or three to get off, to trip. I just stopped.

What had previously seemed like personal insight leading to a gentler and more accepting view of the world also changed.

I: Why did you stop psychedelic use?

R: I was getting too screwed up. I was getting in a real kind of trip where I was feeling, you know, kind of superior. And I've noticed that a lot with people who do a lotta acid. They get into a kind of real trip that they're better than other people. And I was just doing that too much. I dunno, just kinda know-it-all and everything. I can't really explain it—just knowing it all and stuff of that nature. I realized it mostly this summer, 'cause when my friend lived right behind me, there was a house and a buncha acid freaks lived there, and, you know, I could really see it in them, exactly.

In this case, the subject was aware that the "insight" had turned sour. In several other cases, the subject's representation of his evolved view of the world, which he himself experienced as insightful and accepting, seemed to the interviewer to be condescending, pretentious and alienated, lacking an awareness of how that subject might be seen by others.

R: There's a real difference in the way you look at the world if you've had the experience of tripping.

I: What do you mean by that?

R: It's, uh, well, you get sort of a more objective sense of what's going on in the world. Things happen, but they don't affect you as much. Things that used to bother you, maybe, you can sometimes see that they're really funny, or, well, sort of temporary. Like, this, too, will pass. People who don't trip don't understand that.

I: Why not?

R: It's like you get a sense of the larger picture of things. People who don't trip are too tied up in themselves to see anything beyond their own petty little trou-

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"Finally I realized it was simply boring, yes, boring, boring. Who would have believed it. It was so good at first, so good. How I wish I could feel like those first times again."

A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

AN 'OPEN FIELDS' DAY FOR THE HEAT

A Supreme Court decision with a silver lining. by Bob LaBrasca

"OPEN FIELDS." THAT'S WHAT THE milestone *Oliver/Thornton* decision, rendered by the U.S. Supreme Court in April, was ostensibly about. "Open fields": Nobody has been able to pry those two words out of quotation marks since.

The phrase is taken from a Prohibition-era bootlegging case decided in 1924: It seems the cops in that case had watched from a distance as a booze dealer named Hester handed a bottle to a customer outside a house. When these two crooks spotted the cops they ran; and when they'd put some distance between themselves and the house, they hurled the bottle and a jug off into the darkness before being caught. In court Hester tried to have the broken containers and hooch residue suppressed as evidence, because the police hadn't acquired a warrant to enter the property. No dice, said the Supreme Court. The venerable Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "... the special protection accorded by the Fourth Amendment to the people in their 'persons, houses, papers and effects' is not extended to the open fields."

No quotation marks, of course. No confusion there. These moonshiners had ditched their booze in real open fields. This latest U.S. Supreme Court decision is a little more complicated.

It arose out of the consolidation of two modern prohibition cases involving marijuana cultivation: a federal case out of Kentucky (*Oliver*) and a state case from Maine (*Thornton*). To accomplish these busts the police, acting on "reports," and without warrants, had ignored fences and "No Trespassing" signs to find pot fields. In the Kentucky case, a federal appeals court had decided that the lands in question were "open fields," and no warrant had been necessary; so defendant *Oliver* appealed to the Supreme Court. In the Maine case, the state supreme court had ruled in favor of suppressing the marijuana taken as evidence, and the prosecution had appealed.

In deciding these cases together, six

justices agreed that, regardless of the fences and signs, the lands where the pot was grown were "open fields" and that the searches for the weed were not "searches" at all, under the law; no warrant was required. Justice Powell wrote, "... an individual may not legitimately demand privacy for activities conducted out of doors in fields, except in the area immediately surrounding the home."

Well, despite this clear language, it seemed to this layman that there still might be some latitude in the law for people who wanted to keep their property "private." After all, *Oliver* and *Thornton* hadn't really sealed off their land—they had left footpaths open, and the fences were apparently not terribly secure. So, on the advice of Kevin Zeese at NORML, I called Atty. Marshall Krause in Larkspur, California. Krause has handled legions of pot cases and has taken nine cases to the U.S. Supreme Court. He won the two that involved search and seizure—an expert, you might say.

I asked him, "What if you put up an eight-foot, chain-link fence with a 'Keep Out' sign on every post? Could you then establish a reasonable expectation of privacy?"

"No way," said Krause. "There's no room at all for that, no matter how secure it is, except if it's in a building or within the curtilage."

I even knew what "curtilage" meant, having read the case; it was your yard, more or less, though Krause acknowledged that the legal definition was still a bit vague. He said he had been told recently by an appeals-court judge that it applied "to all the land which can be reached by bow and arrow from the front porch."

I asked him what he thought the effect of the *Oliver/Thornton* decision would be, and I was surprised by the intensity of his response. I'd spoken with him twice previously by phone, and he had struck me as a particularly low-key, scholarly sort of chap. This time he sounded downright indignant. "The police are now free to act completely il-

legally without fear of it interfering with the prosecution of their case," he said. "And there's no effective way to stop them, because nobody prosecutes the police for trespass. In other words, the police have carte blanche to violate the trespass laws."

"They can destroy property," he went on, "they can break down fences, they can engage in malicious mischief, they can violate any laws they want to without jeopardizing their case. As a practical matter they are invited to be lawless."

But by the end of this conversation I would learn that Krause saw something besides darkness and oppression in the *Oliver/Thornton* decision:

I knew that there had been some recent state decisions in California, at the appeals level, in which aerial surveillance to locate pot fields had been ruled illegal. But the state appeals court had taken a view of "open fields" that was far different from the one taken by the U.S. Supreme Court in *Oliver/Thornton*. Would these aerial surveillance decisions now be overturned?

"No," Krause told me, "*Oliver/Thornton* did not discuss aerial surveillance."

In fact, he said, he was currently preparing arguments for what would probably be the "lead case" on aerial surveillance to come before the California Supreme Court, and *Oliver/Thornton* would provide some of his ammunition.

"I'm going to use the *Oliver* case," Krause confided, "to say that the Supreme Court distinguished very carefully between the curtilage and the noncurtilage, and this is required by the Fourth Amendment, and therefore, when they take up a plane to look for marijuana, they damn well better not fly over anybody's curtilage. And in order to prevent that from happening, they better get a warrant that authorizes them to search and prevents them from flying over people's curtilages."

"It would be awfully difficult, wouldn't it," I suggested, "to fly over open fields without flying over curtilages."

"That's right," said Krause. □

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ASK ED

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the garden, sheet-metal sleeves around the stalks, repellents, traps and sticky stuff around the stalks. Nothing worked. Are there any foolproof suggestions that have been found? The garden is not near my house

—Charles
Arcata, Calif

Three suggestions, none guaranteed to work: an electric fence for the deer, battery- and solar-operated models are available; steel wool around the stem to prevent rat damage; a negative-ion generator hooked up to the plants. The ions give the animals a gentle electric shock when they touch the plant.

Good luck.

Dear Ed,

I have been growing plants indoors for about four years. I am pleased with the results but there is one problem that stumps me. After the plant is about a month old, the bottom leaves start to turn yellow and then it spreads to the rest of the plant.

After the leaves start to color, they turn a kind of copper or gold color and then die. However, when I cut back the amount of light and the plants start to bud, the yellowing almost stops and I wind up with a fair yield of buds. Can I prevent this yellowing?

—C. T.
northern Mich.

Your plants are probably suffering from a nitrogen deficiency. Any high-nitrogen water-soluble fertilizer is likely to prevent this, or stop it if it has already started

I would like to hear from you. Any comments, tips or questions regarding marijuana or marijuana cultivation are welcome. I also welcome submissions to the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month contest. All are considered to be with your explicit permission to print and reprint your photos or comments in any form we deem appropriate.

All submissions are treated with the utmost discretion. Your identity will be protected and your name and location will be disguised when printed.

One of the most no-nothingist groups regarding pot, and society in general, is the National Federation of Parents for Drug Free Youth, 1820 Franwall Avenue, Suite 16, Silver Spring, MD 20902,

(301) 649-7100. They send out (mis)information to "parents" and others interested in furthering marijuana prohibition both for medical and social purposes. They are often considered in cahoots with the DEA, or even a front for them.

To see what we are up against I suggest that you give them a call or write to them and ask for info. (Don't tell them I sent you.) One of the pieces they send out is a list of "State Parent Group Networkers." They are having their annual conference in Washington, D.C., September 27-29, 1984, at the Hyatt Regency Hotel.

High Frontiers is a new newspaper-format journal. It bills itself as "the Space Age Newspaper of Psychedelics, Science, Human Potential, Irreverence & Modern Art." The first issue includes stories on or by Tim Leary, Albert Hoffman, Andrew Weil, Peter Stafford, Terence McKenna and Bruce Eisner. The paper costs \$2. Send to P.O.B. 1551, Mill Valley, CA 94942. Did marijuana change your life? Make it better or worse, or just different? I'd like to hear about it and I think that a lot of other people would, too. Don't worry, identities will be protected. Just send me your interesting stories. I'm compiling the best ones (I'm a biased and subjective judge, stoned, too) and will try to get them published as a book. If your story is selected you'll become a published author and, to boot, collect a fee for the use of the story. If you want the copy back, send a self-addressed stamped envelope with the material. Don't send photos.

As I am writing this article, in late March, the Oregon Marijuana Initiative is collecting signatures to put the following law on the books: "Notwithstanding any other provision of law, no person 18 years or older shall be subject to criminal liability or be subject to any permit or license requirement or to any fine or forfeiture, solely for the private possession or cultivation of marijuana for the person's own consumption."

They already have 30,000 signatures and three months of good signature-gathering-weather to get another 33,000. As you are reading this they have probably qualified for the ballot. If they win in Oregon, we all win. It will send a smoke signal across the country. They need your monetary support. Give an ounce (not the dope—just the money) to help make marijuana legal in Oregon. All correspondence to: Oregon Marijuana Initiative, P.O.B. 8698, Portland, OR 97207 □

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SYMPOSIUM

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was a reaction on the part of the community and I think that cops should learn from that. And we did. I learned from that. I learned that, and I believe this is true, that no end justifies the kinds of means that in fact themselves violate the law. The kinds of means that use threat of force and violence; the kinds of means that allow us to burglar other people; the kinds of means that allow us to go into a community or go into some other person's home, pretend to be their friend and then snitch on them.

Anyway, the cases went to court, as I remember there were eight of them. Only one got a prison sentence, but in that court defense there were many extensive days of arguments on the stand from expert witnesses about drugs and their effects. At that time marijuana was classified as a narcotic drug in Colorado. And it was a felony to possess or sell. Anyway, this assistant district attorney went on to become affiliated with NORML [laughter] and was probably one of the single most important initiators of the decriminalization statute of marijuana in Colorado. So again, good results from bad things, I think.

Then a third major incident that occurred in my learning experience happened about four years ago. I had a deputy sheriff who, unfortunately, as many people do, got strung out on cocaine, using it quite heavily. And it came to my attention, probably too late, but it did come to my attention, and I had a choice between setting him up and prosecuting him, or confronting him and getting him off the street as a cop. I chose the latter. And we went public with that. This deputy sheriff lost his job because he had problems with cocaine. This was, as I recall, in the spring of 1979. Well, we had a local FBI agent here who thought that was quite reprehensible, that a deputy sheriff should be using cocaine, as I thought also. But he felt that it was indicative of the whole attitude in Aspen, that this was somehow a Sodom and Gomorrah of the modern world; that it just didn't conform with the moral standards of the rest of the United States. And he took it on himself personally—this is my opinion—to show us that we were, in fact, subject to the same moral as well as legal rules as the rest of the United States. So, a secondary factor came in there.

Sometime after this occurred, the DEA—this was done just before Rick's time—and the local district attorney decided that it was time for another crackdown on drugs. This was about ten years later than what happened up here in Aspen, that I just related to you, but they felt that obviously the solution to that was undercover work, and if they made some good busts obviously everybody would be deterred in the future from using any marijuana or cocaine in this area.

So they conducted an undercover investigation for approximately six months, and near the end of that, the local rumors, Rick, were that there was in fact going to be a bust coming down. So I contacted the second in command in Denver DEA, who I had known, and queried him as to whether anything was going on in our jurisdiction here. And he said, "No. Of course not. We wouldn't do anything in your jurisdiction without letting you know." And I queried the district attorney and he informed me of the same thing. The reason I queried them is because I had to give an answer to the press. The press was querying me because the rumors were very hot and heavy then. As they get every once in a while.

So I informed the press that, no, I had personally contacted the Drug Enforcement Administration and the district attorney and no, there was nothing going on here. Two nights later we had another Kristallnacht at the lower end of the valley, down near Glenwood Springs, where they arrested about fifteen people as I recall. Same thing. It's strange how those arrests usually take place late at night for some reason. They usually take place on Fridays so that people can't get themselves out of jail. But shortly following that I was served with a subpoena and had to appear before the grand jury in Denver. I was the target of an obstruction of justice charge, and the basis of that charge was that the information from the federal agency as well as the local prosecutor's office that I had relayed to the press was, in fact, a secret message to all the drug dealers in the valley to cool it because something was coming down. I think this is a perfect example of the kind of double-think we can get ourselves involved in.

At any rate, and this again is only my personal opinion, the ludicrousness of that was primarily motivated by the efforts of the local FBI agent to get jurisdiction over this case because he was going to show us all how bad

Aspen was.

Anyway, the grand jury convened in Denver. They came up here with a dozen agents and eighty subpoenas and they were going to show the world how bad Aspen was. What they found was literally nothing. Nothing came out of the grand jury except a pleading on the part of this initial deputy sheriff—that's the reason I mentioned him in the first place—to the use of cocaine.

At any rate, after much energy expended and money expended, what we found out was the same thing we had known two years earlier: that a deputy sheriff had used cocaine.

I think the lesson I learned from all of this, both personally, as acting in the capacity and as being a target for the capacity, is the propensity people in government have to an arrogance of power. To a belief that somehow, because they're on the side of right, they can do anything to justify the ends. In this case, enforcing laws [applause]... which probably is the major manifestation in our modern society of the tyranny of the majority. As you know, still sixty-two percent of Americans believe marijuana ought to be illegal, because obviously it is ruining society and ruining people's health, and society has the obligation to tell people what they can or cannot ingest. But what it led me to was a questioning of what is the appropriate role of police. And several things came out of this. And one is that police should never use means that promote distrust in a society. "Trust to me" is the bottom-line virtue in society, value in society. And once we say that it's not important whether citizens trust their police or the police trust their citizens or citizens trust each other, once we imply that it's only a question of who can get away with what and whether they play by the rules of the game and we can catch them or we can't catch them, then we're losing something. Well, this led me to, and this comes from my experiences too, that somehow deception is wrong in a relationship between police and a community, and society. That government lying, in the form of undercover operations, deliberate misrepresentation of facts and, the *ultimate* in undercover work, misrepresentation of *self*, as a person to be trusted and then turning on that, can be nothing but a bad example for all of society. □

NEXT MONTH:
Kienast and D'Ulisse

G.I. JOE

/ continued from page 61

port Wing.)

And then, of course, as everyone knows—and the GAO points out here—NORAD is only geared to pick up on aircraft moving faster than 207 miles per hour. “You come in low and slow,” my deceased pot-pilot friend used to gloat, “and that is the end of that, good buddy.” Says the GAO: “Pilots involved in smuggling, who generally fly at low altitudes, are aware of these ‘gaps’ and use them to enter the country virtually undetected by NORAD radar.” In fact, one balmy morning in 1981 a really humongous four-engine DC-7, stuffed with pot and ‘ludes, was discovered by the local Georgia folk over 200 miles inland, sitting peacefully on a country road, where she’d been put down by her pilot—a Colombian air-force colonel who had lost his bearings in the middle of the previous night, thanks to all that raw reefer pollen in the cabin atmosphere. Considering all this, the GAO rates NORAD as endowed with “limited law-enforcement potential.”

Even those glorified B-2Cs, Customs grouched after the Thunderbolt fiasco, aren’t so hot at “detecting and tracking small vessels of thirty feet and under.”

Now, no honest taxpayer wants to learn that NORAD can’t keep four-engine DC-7s out of the country, and NOSIC won’t (or can’t) trace anything smaller than major-draught ocean liners. When people hear things like that, they begin making invidious comparisons: how was it that the USSR accurately pinpointed the crash site of their last falling satellite, and broadcast it days before it fell, while the U.S. Department of Defense was warning that it might just as likely fall on your personal home or city, right up to after it splashed into the Indian Ocean, precisely where the Ivans had predicted beforehand? A heavy dose of that sort of uncertainty could directly contribute to a state of gravely impaired national security.

One would prefer to believe that it was the other way around, correct? It would be comforting to suppose that those Landsats are outfitted with *Star Wars* gimmicks that render this whole cumbersome line-of-sight technology as obsolete as deerstalking: remote neutron-backscatter procedures, maybe, that can code in on the unique odor of big bundles of marijuana, and translate it into colored patches on a geographical grid. Since you can generally

smell a fully laden pot shrimper for whole nautical leagues to leeward, an odor-tracing gimmick like this could pursue such a vessel with absolute bloodhound reliability, rain or shine. It would be preferable to imagine the capabilities of U.S. military hardware were of that order, not the reverse.

In which case, of course, national security would be even more seriously compromised if the details leaked out. The Russkies would start working on their own orbital bloodhounds, and before long they’d be tracing the National Security Agency’s spook ships by the stink of the crews’ laundry. The DOD wouldn’t like that either, would they?

God only knows—along with a federal magistrate in Florida named Raymond Pettine—what unholy spook process it was that aided the DEA in busting a 110-foot trawler full of fume off the Bahamas last winter. Since this case involved a few Americans in the alleged shoreline connection, it actually went to court, in the federal district for Miami. And the attorneys for the defense challenged the prosecution to disclose and prove how they’d known there was pot in that vessel, way out in the ocean. The prosecutors replied that they weren’t at liberty to divulge how they’d known that, since the determination had been made with the assistance of classified materiel on loan from the Pentagon. Judge Pettine then admonished the prosecutors that if they couldn’t prove that this dope seizure was based on constitutional, lawful police procedures (South Florida judges see too much cop hanky-panky), then he was going to chuck the whole case out and let those people walk. So the prosecutors took Judge Pettine into his chambers, with no one else present, and revealed military secrets to him. Happily, the judge then merely stated for the record that he was satisfied with the forensic capabilities of the Department of the Navy. He turned down the defense’s disclosure motion and let the trial proceed to—very happily—an acquittal.

Sure, maybe some criminal scumbuckets walked. But if it had ended in a conviction, there would surely have been hell to pay. The defense could have appealed on the basis of their quashed disclosure motion, and the appeals court probably would have accepted those grounds. And then the prosecutors would have been obliged to divulge their military secrets to a whole panel of magistrates. By the time the case got to the Supreme Court, those military secrets would have been common knowl-

edge to every short-order law clerk in the fifth circuit. How many federal judges, the Pentagon has to wonder, are in the secret pay of the KGB?

“There is concern,” the GAO reports here, “that the use of sophisticated military systems for law enforcement could result in disclosure of classified information on these systems in criminal court proceedings.” And if that ever happens, the GAO explicitly warns, it “would compromise national security.” Not “could,” or “might,” but “would.”

Think about it, invites the GAO: “If a secret military system were used to detect an aircraft which culminated in the arrest of a pilot for drug trafficking, the defendant might be able to show a need to know that he was detected by the military system. Depending on the case, there was concern [by the DOD] that the judge could require disclosure of the technical specifications of the system that resulted in the detection. This concern is expressed in view of the principle that the judiciary controls the evidence in a criminal trial and on the possibility that a defendant could successfully demonstrate a need for such evidence.”

Yes, by thunder! What if you apprise some judge of the latest remote-sensing satellite gimmick, and the damn-fool pinko goes and spills it to a *criminal defense lawyer*!! The DOD made a point of this to the GAO: “If a judge would allow a defense attorney to reveal the capabilities of the [classified] system in court, they would recommend that the U.S. attorney drop the case.” Fancy that, the Department of Defense going to the mattresses with the Department of Justice over a boatload of reefer, or a Beechcraft full of boot ‘ludes, or some such dope nonsense. And the Kremlin looking on, drooling with eagerness, no doubt.

Now, nobody wants to see that happen (with the possible exception of a few extremist political ideologues out to comprehensively destabilize the American Establishment). The GAO certainly doesn’t want to see it, because it would just mess up all the books in marvelous fashion. So they politely split the difference here: “Military systems and activities are often not compatible with the needs of law enforcement,” they declare. “Adjusting military activities to fit law-enforcement needs can adversely affect military preparedness.”

Magic words, “national security” and “military preparedness.” Dope-chasing really does hamstring our gladiators and waste all their special war tackle,

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I am 29 years old, 6' 205 lbs. I am presently being held in the Muskingum County Jail, facing a possible 5 to 25 years. I am without family or friends to retain a lawyer. Would appreciate any advice or help you could offer. JOHN WESLEY NEWTON, Muskingum County Jail 28 N. Fourth St., Zanesville, OH 43701.

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

FORTY-FIFTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

542a **FEM LUNG CANCER ZOOMS**
Washington (UPI) — Lung cancer cases among women doubled between 1969 and 1980 and the disease will surpass breast cancer as the top cancer killer of women next year, Dr. Vincent DeVita Jr., the director of the National Cancer Institute, said yesterday.

Institute officials explained that more women have started smoking in recent years and more men have quit. Though men still suffer lung cancer four times as often as women, the new statistics mean women are catching up, officials said.

New York Daily News,
Nov. 29, 1983

542b **WOMEN WOODED TO SMOKE, PROF SAYS**
Winnipeg—Women's magazines are helping the tobacco industry in its "aggressive and deliberate" attempt to hook women on cigarettes, a University of California professor says.

Most major U.S. women's magazines accept cigarette ads which associate smoking with the strides women made in the past few decades, Virginia Ernster said at the Fifth World Conference On Smoking And Health.

The magazines publish few articles about the health hazards of smoking, Ernster said, so the women's movement must pressure the magazines to change.

About 100 members of the American Medical Women's Association complained to Ms. Magazine last year, but no replies were received, Ernster said.

Ladies Home Journal, McCall's and Redbook received over 15 percent of all their advertising revenues from the tobacco industry, she said.

Only Good Housekeeping has a long-standing policy of rejecting cigarette advertisements, she said.

Leslie Fruman, Toronto Star,
July 15, 1983

543 **WHEN THREE PEOPLE TELL YOU you are drunk, go home**
Talmud

544 **TEN DANGEROUS DRUGS IN POSSESSION OF THE CIA**

1. ACONITINE NITRATE

Commonly known as wolfbane, it causes severe abdominal discomfort in

small doses and death in large doses.

2. BZ

Blocks nerve impulses and causes death.

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4. CINCHONINE

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5. COBRA VENOM

Kills by paralyzing the nervous system.

6. COLCHICINE

Overdose causes muscle paralysis and respiratory failure resulting in death.

7. CYANIDE

Blocks the absorption of oxygen and death occurs rapidly as a result of asphyxiation.

8. S-341

Similar to BZ but even more powerful.

9. SAXITOXIN

More commonly known as "shellfish toxin" produces death in seconds by causing failure of respiratory, cardiovascular, nerve and muscle systems.

10. STRYCHNINE

Paralyzes nerve-muscle junction and causes death.

via E. L. Abel, *Book of Lists*, from Hearings, Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities of the U.S. Congress, 1976

545 **HEROIN ADDICTION SAID TO BE INCREASING IN EUROPE**

London, Nov. 12—The number of people addicted to heroin is increasing rapidly in Western Europe, and officials say the problem is spreading into areas where it had been unknown.

In Ireland, according to the police in Dublin, there are an estimated 6,000 heroin users today in a country where hard drugs were difficult to obtain before 1979.

In the Netherlands, where drug trafficking had been confined for some time to drifters and maritime workers in international centers like Amsterdam and Rotterdam, officials say hard drugs are finding their way to middle class youth in outlying areas. Similarly, Swedish authorities report that heroin use is no longer the problem of just a few cities.

In Britain, heroin is making addicts of un-

employed young men and teenagers in the depressed industrial cities of England and Scotland.

The speed with which the supply of cheap heroin has become available in Europe is causing alarm because of its appeal to youths in countries where unemployment has created boredom and anxiety.

"Children of ordinary working class people, the salt of the earth who have never heard of heroin before, have habits needing from £50 to £200 a week to feed," a man working with addicted youths in Edinburgh said in a television interview last week.

Lord Lane, Lord Chief Justice in Great Britain, said in a recent lecture at Cambridge University that it was possible that the number of heroin addicts in the country could be five times the figure of 4,700 people officially registered with the Government as receiving treatment. This latter figure itself has grown at a 30 percent annual rate over the past two years, according to the Home Office.

The British Government's own figures show that there are now about 40,000 users of opiates in the country.

Noting that most of the heroin seized by the authorities here originated in Pakistan, Lord Lane said that cooperation by that country was the only way to interrupt the flow.

Jon Nordheimer,
New York Times, Nov. 13, 1983

546 **THE PILL CURBS RISK OF 8 DISEASES IN WOMEN**

The birth control pill—used by 75 million American women—reduces the incidence of arthritis, two cancers of the reproductive tract and five other serious disorders in women who do not smoke.

That assessment was made yesterday by Dr. Howard W. Ory, an epidemiologist for the Centers for Disease Control.

In fact, Ory said, the bonus health benefits of oral contraceptives in healthy women under 35 who do not smoke appear great enough to prevent 50,000 hospitalizations for the eight diseases each year.

In addition to seeming to curb arthritis and reproductive tract cancers—ovarian and endometrial—the pill reduces incidence of benign breast disease, ovarian cysts, iron deficiency anemia, pelvic inflammatory disease and ectopic pregnancy, Ory said.

New York Post,
August, 1982

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

HIGH

/ continued from page 73

bles and problems.

I: Were you like that at one time?

R: Yes.

Moreover, on successive follow-up interviews more than half of our subjects had another consistent reaction: they began to find the drug experience isolating in an intellectual sense and increasingly less interesting. Some of these users had given ecstatic accounts of their early trips, and many had never had trouble with bad trips. Most, in fact, had never experienced a bad trip.

R: There are things that I like to do that some of these acid people don't do, which is writing and thinking about politics, and talking about things, and things like that. I tend to encourage people to be more like that, to do that. I miss the people that can talk about a lot of these things.

R: I want to communicate sufficiently that there is less of a special quality to being high than there used to be. That it is something that feels good, and it keeps me in touch, and I place great value on getting stoned in some circumstances. But I don't have a sort of revelatory kind of feeling about tripping that I used to—sort of a closer-to-God kind of feeling. And now things are more mundane, I guess.

Ultimately, most subjects seemed to agree with the following user's summation of his experience:

R: Finally, I realized it was simply boring, yes, boring, boring. Who would have believed it? It was so good at first, so good. How I wish I could feel like those first times again! That was glorious. Now it's repetitious. It takes such a long time, too. I've already thought those thoughts and seen what the drug has to show me, and it isn't much fun doing it over and seeing it over. It's such a shame, but that's how it is.

I: Is that just your reaction?

R: No, my friends feel the same. We talk about it once in a while, how great it is. And sometimes we talk about trying it again, maybe after a long time. And then it will be more like it was. But the last time I did it, it was just boring. □

Excerpted from *Drug, Set, and Setting: The Basis for Controlled Intoxicant Use*, by Norman E. Zinberg, M.D. © Copyright 1984 by Yale University. Published by Yale University Press, \$22.50.

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MARLEY THE MESSIAH

When Bob Marley died of cancer in 1981, the world lost its greatest reggae star and the most popular prophet of the Rastafarian religion. Here, in an extract from a new book on Marley, Bob, his wife Rita and his mother Cedella talk about roots, reggae and Ras Tafari.

There have been a slew of books on Bob Marley since the reggae star's tragic death from cancer in 1981, but Bob Marley—Reggae King of the World, written from a decidedly Rasta perspective, is the first to thoroughly chronicle Marley's messianic mission through insightful interviews with Bob and his inner circle.

Below we reprint highlights from these conversations, as well as a number of fantastic photographs that are peppered throughout this illuminating volume.

Author Malika Lee Whitney interviewed Bob's mother, Cedella Booker, who recalls his musical roots:

MALIKA LEE WHITNEY: How supportive were you when Bob first showed signs of his musical interest?
CEDELLA BOOKER: Well, I was very supportive of him, in every way I could. I didn't oppose him in anything that he was doing. Sometimes he used to be out late and then when he came in I would say where you was with something in my hand to even beat him, you know. And then he used to say he was rehearsing. And then me say rehearsing what. And he said he was rehearsing some songs. But then, you know, he would go on and I never really was against him in what he was doing because you just have to stand aside and see the result of things. So I would say I supported him in every way I could.
WHITNEY: You encouraged him to take on a trade which was weld-

ing, which he did until something happened—

BOOKER: You see, after a piece of metal get in his eye, I saw him suffer so much that night because every minute I have to run like when the light come on and he start to bawl. When he came home at first he asked me to take it out and when I take the kerchief and I do like this [indicating motions of her hand going to his eye] I could feel the steel and I said oh, my God, and I said it can't be like this and him cry the whole night through and they told him to use cold water, and a wet towel, and just rest it over the eye. So most of the night I have to do that for him, and then the morning we go to the hospital and every time I look on him something happen to me. Something run from my toe right up... just a cold sympathetic feeling. I was feeling very sorry for him. Him say, "You nuh hear me say is nothing else me want to do beside sing?" And I have to say, "Really, is true."

WHITNEY: Some time after that you went to live in Delaware?

BOOKER: I spent nine months [in the U.S.]. At that time Pearl [Bob's younger sister] was a baby. After I got married [in the U.S.] I went back home and I decided to get both children, Bob and Pearl, but then after I left he was still doing his [music]. He wrote me and he sent me some money. I remember it was a Saturday and me and my husband we get a little slip because when the mailman came I wasn't there so I had to go to the big post office to sign

for it, and he sent the money to me and I was so happy and he told me that was money that he make. It was about \$200, he save it up in Jamaica and that was a lot of money during that time. And him say to me, when him singing him feel the same way like when I was singing in church when I go into the spirit. He used to sing some spiritual songs, him and Bunny [Wailer] together. That was very touching and me say if he say him feel like me, then he must really feel good.

WHITNEY: What was the first performance you attended?

BOOKER: It was in 1970 after the death of my husband, Mr. Booker. It was in Philadelphia and I went there for the first time and I'm telling you when I saw his performance, Bob didn't look like Bob to me. He looked like he was different. He was a different Bob. He wasn't the Bob that sit down and talk [with me]. On the stage up there singing, and I could see the stature of righteousness just standing up there, you know, putting forth them words, and I cry, I dance, I cry, don't know what to do, I rejoice. Me find even when them give me good seats in the front and things like that, you find everybody come before me and stand up on the chairs and me just close me eyes and let them get them desire by seeing. I don't have to for I have seen enough. I don't box nobody from me. If I can see what I am seeing, then give them the opportunity to see. And it was just a great feeling. There



Daniel Asher

was a revival in my heart.

In 1975, Fikisha Cumbo, a New York-based photographer and writer, caught Marley in a reflective mood in his hotel room at the Barbizon:

FIKISHA CUMBO: How does your religion affect your music?

BOB MARLEY: Affect? Well, religion really can't affect the music. Music is natural, you know. Me don't have a religion... me natural, not a religion, just a natural thing you suppose to have.

CUMBO: How about the *I*? I noticed you use *I* a lot.

MARLEY: *I*? Because me, you, him, them, don't really mean nothin'. [Pointing] *I*, *I*, *I*, really mean that is the same *I* you know. The same *I* in *I* in *I*. That is the spirit of unity. When you use *I*, you know, you remove all that... It is not we and them and those. Everyone is *I*. You can realize

the same *I* in *I* is the *I* in that *I*. You know what I mean?

CUMBO: How did you get started in music?

MARLEY: Well, I don't really know, but I know me mother was a singer first. Me mother is spiritual, like a gospel singer, right? She writes songs. I think that's where I hear her singing first, you know. And then... I just love music, love it, you know... grow with it. And so love it and do it... coming natural.

CUMBO: Talking about writing, what influences your writing? What directs your writing?

MARLEY: Jah.

CUMBO: How would you describe the kind of music you're into now?

MARLEY: You getting a three in one music, you know. You getting a happy rhythm with a sad sound with a good vibration. You can't get a happy sound till you have a happy music with a

happy vibration. It's like... wha' you say? What you ask me? Wha' the question is?

CUMBO: What direction do you feel your music will go in, creatively and financially?

MARLEY: My music? My music will go on forever. Maybe it's a fool say that, but when me know facts me can say facts, you know. My music go on forever.

CUMBO: Why do you say that?

MARLEY: Because it's how it feel to me. [Laughter]

CUMBO: Can you name three people who influenced you musically?

MARLEY: Who have influenced me musically... I'm a self-taught guitar player, right. Me like guitarists like Ernest Ranglin. Me like artist like Curtis Mayfield, Stevie Wonder and James Brown... Me like plenty people.

CUMBO: How about critics?

MARLEY: Critics. Me no care what critics say, if me make a mistake me know me make a mistake, you know what I mean [laughter]. You dig it.

CUMBO: Do you have a recording contract?

MARLEY: I have a recording agreement.

CUMBO: What's the difference?

MARLEY: [Laughter] One is an agreement and one is a contract.

CUMBO: Why do they release your records overseas first? Why Jamaica last?

MARLEY: We control it in Jamaica.

Because, you see, we have to try to trick the guy who have the pirate mind, you know what I mean. Sometimes you release it in Jamaica, right, but you come to New York, hear the record selling here. Yet nobody have any permission to sell it here. So we have to just get a big company release it. That mean, [if a] big company catch a guy press it, [they] can destroy it, you know. Otherwise he go on and press it in him basement and keep it under cover and you still in Jamaica and never know about it. All you can do is when you come into town, you get your gun and go down there and you blast away. Good! So to skip that you deal with a big record company. Stop you from committing murder. That is how my record deal really come too, like, Island, you know. You dig it!

The guys who used to do them things was some big pirates, you know what I mean. So you find them guys killer of reggae music, kill rock steady

and kill ska. Them guys [dracula] for reggae music, like how you have people is [dracula] for rock, you know, suck out the artist and sometime them kill him, you know what I mean. Sometimes if a guy supposed to pay an artist two million dollar, him prefer to say, "No man, I give you twenty thousand."

CUMBO: I've seen the reggae influence in all music, from Stevie's "Boogie on Reggae Woman" to Grover Washington's "Mister Magic."

MARLEY: Reggae music is one of the greatest musics, you know. But the only thing about reggae now is because the people in America don't really get to know how to dance it. But you see, if them can dance [to] it, then what can I tell you? You know, because *no dance look pretty as reggae dance!* Me know that, 'cause you can dance the whole night and it keep you in a mood. You know what I mean. You love yourself when you dance reggae music. You proud of yourself, that you come like you *born again!* A feeling come in the music like you baptised. Yeah, you can leave from that! [He gets up and dances] Leave from that spiritually. Music, you know, music is great. Music can carry you to heaven, to Zion. Carry you all about to some places where you don't know. Art music, you know. Why reggae music so nice is because it's a proud music. It can be a very, very proud music.

Reggae music, man, is a *raasclaat** music where you have to be proud, you have to know what creation is. When you get up in the morning, you have to be proud. You know what I mean. You have to be a sufferer who say to yourself, "Feeling all right." So you have a feeling now. So you come out and you reach for a chalice [takes a deep breath]. You don't wanna hear no rock music, because you can't do that right now. 'Cause rock music really calls for neon lights, plenty lights. See, a good reggae music, now, you can be anywhere. You can be in the hills, you know what I mean.

CUMBO: Do you feel you've obtained success in your career?

MARLEY: Success in my career. Well, I've been always successful from beginning. My success is success. It's like we come with success. We don't get success, we come with it.

CUMBO: So we're dawning on the Age of Aquarius, which is the Age of Brotherly Love, you know, and it seems like

there are so many movements in which many people are getting tuned in. Maybe that might be the force that's needed to counteract all this negativism on the earth.

MARLEY: That's right. We need positive vibrations. 'Cause first thing you cannot be ignorant, you have to be very intelligent. You can't come tell me 'bout white and black or pink and blue, you know what I mean. We fly a color which is red, gold and green. Now that is our color, you know what I mean, red, gold and green. Now we're not prejudiced, because we leave our judgment unto Jah. Now maybe it's to show people who read certain things, when we grow just how we on the earth supposed to be. That is what we're dealing with. I tell you because you can't do it. You can't be two things at one time. If you positive, you have to be positive. If you negative, you have to be negative. We can't be positive to you and then negative to someone else. We can't deal with it that way. Be positive to black, pink, blue, green, yellow, everything. So me have to deal in positive. Want to cut the negative thing out entirely. Negative, outside. It's what your mouth say keep you alive. It's what your mouth say kill you. And the greatest thing is life. So that is a thing where Jah put you through now. Weed out most of the devils, overcome the devils with a thing named love.

CUMBO: About the music world, are you satisfied with things as they exist now, in the whole industry situation?

MARLEY: Me not of the world, you know [chuckle]. Me live in the world but I'm not of the world. Me don't care about people. Me never know who own this [hotel]. It's like Jah say, the West must perish. It's devils' country all right. Devils are real people and capitalism and penalism [are a] type of devilism and draculazing. It's devil controlling. It's devil running part of earth, you know, while God is in Africa waiting for we to agree that there's devil running this.

CUMBO: What do you feel about the economic situation of black musicians?

MARLEY: What it is, man, is that we get a raw deal from people and even sometimes it is the black guy [ripping us off] because him don't really get ahead. If your mind don't sharp... because dig this, the thing don't just happen in the air... it happen in reality. One day you start think about... the business, and see all them big guys

sit on all them desk [there]. Just parked out the parkin' lot like a car. Pure big guys control the record business. You know what I mean? You must get rip off. So the business go. The only way you don't get rip off is when you don't do it. But you see, once you start, you get rip off. The only one who don't get rip off is the one who don't start [laughter]. I tell you that. It's like me say, people know good music, you know. You can't have a good sound and let the music go all over. Hey! You know how plenty music get lost? In mixing. You know what I mean. You can't rate music with popularity. You have a guy who can play so much good music and him don't even go in the studio. Good music is the thing, any good music. Now, what good music mean is you can have fast good music and slow good music. But you know, medium music is what me call good music, everyone can move to, like reggae.

CUMBO: How long have you been working professionally?

MARLEY: How you mean professionally?

CUMBO: Getting paid for it.

MARLEY: Now, we always get rip off, you know what I mean, but we still was professional [laughter].

CUMBO: What does Rasta mean?

MARLEY: Righteousness.

In November 1980 Marley ruminated on fame and his devotion to Rastafari during a television interview with Gil Noble

GIL NOBLE: How do you handle fame?

MARLEY: I handle fame by not being famous.

NOBLE: Come on, you know you're famous, man.

MARLEY: No, I mean you know, not to me.

NOBLE: No?

MARLEY: Not famous to me. [Laughter]

NOBLE: Some people get drunk off of fame.

MARLEY: See, I learned. I learned from I was coming in, from I just start the music. People have warned me. They show me—hey, this game is a game where if your mind don't sharp, you will lose your consciousness. So the only way you can lose consciousness is because if you figure say you are reh reh reh... people say you head might swell.

NOBLE: Right

MARLEY: And if your head swell, that's it. So I just keep my head in a

*raasclaat: Jamaican expletive

bandage that it cannot swell.

NOBLE: A lot of people are confused about what a Rasta really is and have a very negative image of Rasta. Tell us what a Rasta is.

MARLEY: See, Christ promised that he will return within 2,000 years. And so when him come, he will be the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah. Through the lineage of King Solomon and King David. Now my life have great meaning to me. So I really search to find out if God is here. And I search and I look. I look in Ethiopia. I look all about. I look in Germany because I'm not prejudiced. I look for God. I look in Ethiopia and I see one man stand up with these names, Emperor Haile Selassie, name King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, through the lineage of King Solomon and King David written in the Bible. One of my things is that . . . they say that King James edit the Bible. Now my understanding is that if King James edit the Bible, I don't think he would edit it for the benefit of black people. So when the revelation turn out that Haile Selassie is the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords, straight through the lineage of King Solomon and King David, then you really know that this is the Christ return. Because we know in this world that when the white man edit it, he wouldn't edit it in our behalf. He would more edit it to make it look like England would be the big thing. But in the last days, it prove that it's Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, you know, and Haile Selassie name is Rasta. So we are called Rasta, called by his name

In a chat with author Whitney, Bob's mother remembers her first reactions to her son's embracing the Rastafarian faith

WHITNEY: When Bob came to Delaware, was he showing signs of having sighted Rastafari?

BOOKER: From him come there, that was when he was eighteen. He came there and he told me in the kitchen, he said momma, everything you cook is all right but me can't eat the pork. That time me used to cook bacon for me husband and meself, you understand, and him say me can't eat eggs either, him no like it and me say all right. But him used to tell me, you know, 'bout him no eat this and him no eat that and so I say what you eat and him say fish tea. And me say but fish tea alone can't keep you and him

say yes and him say him make cornmeal porridge

WHITNEY: As a deeply rooted Christian woman, did you and Bob have discussions about Rastafari when it was something you weren't so conscious of?

BOOKER: I used to pray and ask the Lord to change him because I said I am not a Rasta and I don't have any body in the family who is a Rasta so why he come to be a Rasta. I always talk to God about it . . . but then at the time I was thinking God white [laughter] So when he opened my eyes then me realize and then me know but Jah know me [was on the] right track, is only that I was of the wrong view and [Bob] was the one to open my eyes to reality. And he stay that

songs, in his lyrics, he was telling a reality and he said, "One bright morning when my work is over I will fly away home" And he did that. It was in the morning, the sun was bright. He didn't die because I saw it happen. It was a rest, and I can say that this man is coming again because I have been with him, working on the road, and I have never seen anyone work so hard and that's just the physical part of it. In terms of the mental, it is beyond speaking. He delivers himself to the people. He is a people's person. Him get up in the morning, it's people. There is no night for him, no rest. There was always people around, just to be with Bob, talking good or bad, sense or foolishness. There is always people around. So him was really tired, and

"...so how could he survive with all these people that were his worst enemies supposed to be his best friends."

night with me and he talk to me and he quote the Scriptures and we were there reasoning from nine o'clock the night after dinner until three o'clock the morning and he was telling me everything about His Majesty and him say you know why you [find it] hard to believe, is from you get up and you hear them talk about Jesus Christ and everything, it kinda hard for you to just come accept. But Jah say He is coming in a new name what sound so dreadful, which is Rastafari. [Bob] say you [are saying] to yourself, well you is a big woman and from you born come up you ask and you hear them talk 'bout Jesus Christ and to see your little son come tell you Jesus Christ is His Imperial Majesty, it sound a way to you, but then what is hidden from the wise and prudent is revealed to the babe and suckling still. You is a Rasta from a long time. From you born you is a Rasta, him used to tell me that for him want to see me really accept, and then I never oppose to nothing what he say

Bob's wife Rita recalls her husband's last words before he succumbed to cancer at the age of 36.

WHITNEY: You once told me about the words Bob spoke before he went to rest. Could you reiterate for me?

RITA MARLEY: As I said before, in his

he was involved in a lot of things which take a mind to deal with. People tried to do a lot of things with him.

He's been on a lot of testing, so I know that for him it's just a phase out in this decade, but he definitely will be coming again because I spoke to him. The morning when I saw that trip I started to sing "Jah will take care of you, he will take care of you, he will take care of you," and him say, "Sing again, Rita," and I was shaking him because I saw the trip and I was blowing on him, giving him breath and I was crying . . . but he was there. It was not like say . . . "I am fading." He know what was happening but he was hanging on. The life and the spirit was there and I said, "Bob, don't leave me, don't leave me go nowhere," 'cos I was on the road, trodding, and him say, "Rita, I'm not going anywhere, I not leaving you go nowhere, I'll be with you always."

Mother "B" recounts her son's reaction when he learned of his fatal affliction.

WHITNEY: Was there ever a moment when you asked why . . . when Bob took ill?

BOOKER: Bob call me one night and him say to me a cancer him have in him toe, and he was very depressed, and I say what and him say yes them say so, and him say momma how me

could get all a sickness like that Jah love me and Jah take care of me, I mean I never do no one no evil, I only do good, so why Jah make me have cancer The only answer me did have to give him was to say that who Jah love, He chastiseth, because I couldn't find no answer for him, and then me start to pray. But you know people say the doctor say is cancer Bob have but me no believe Bob have no cancer and if Bob did have cancer them put it into him, them inject it in him

Bob never have no cancer. Because me see sometimes when people have cancer. Bob have to go through what him go through because the whole of them who round him think him is an ordinary young man or "bwoy"* as them call him, 'cause some of his colleagues when them eat and drink everything that him have, them criticize him and call him "bwoy," you understand me, a little bwoy, all them things me hear, and pop them big laugh and take no exercise and draw the herb and yet still Bob tolerate them with all this. All that strength to give them food and money and clothing, and when them done, the same ones was criticizing him and under-rating him, you understand, so how could he survive with these people that was his worst enemies that was supposed to be his best friends. He couldn't, but he know that these are things that him have to go through

Him sing "Redemption Song" because he knew the time come for him to depart

Bob was just a great young man and I am just so happy that so much people did love him. Me mean the people what really love him, me no talk 'bout the ones that was round Bob, I mean the people where me feel them vibe and me know them love him and it just make me feel good So many people depend on Bob in Jamaica and when them see them no have nobody to run to again for them wants and when them hungry and whatever, it grieve them heart, you understand, but whatever is to be, Jah will work it out. So all we have to do is wait patiently upon His Imperial Majesty and we just have to see if we can get it together as black people. You see, because Bob paid him price, Bob suffer the cause to redeem we as Rasta □

*bwoy: boy, often used derogatively

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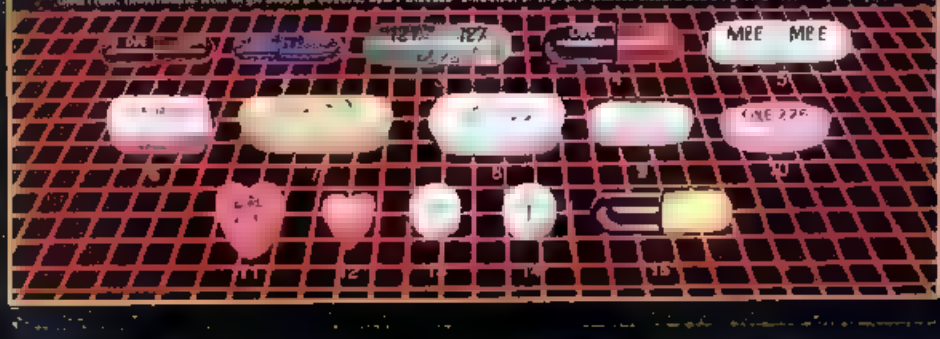
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MAZURSKY'S MELTING POT

How else could you describe a movie where a Russian Moscow Circus saxophonist defects in the middle of Bloomingdale's, gets adopted by the black security-guard's family and gets laid by the Italian salesgirl?

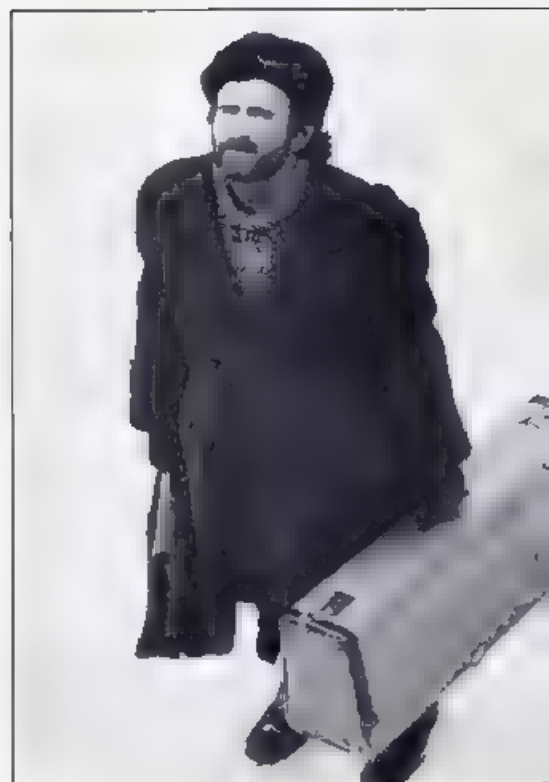
Paul Mazursky's *Moscow on the Hudson* is a romantic-comic fable about the perils of immigration and assimilation, a slightly fantastical version of the same story Elia Kazan told in *America, America* and *The Arrangement*. A third of the story takes place in Moscow—a gray, drizzly, gloomy dungeon of a city in which people queue endlessly for toilet paper and soap, and any stray rebellious word immediately reaches the KGB. The other two-thirds takes place in Manhattan, where we follow the misadventures of a sweet-tempered Muscovite circus saxophonist who defects on the spur of the moment while his troupe is taking a shopping tour of Bloomingdale's. That scene, apparently, was the stimulus for the entire project. (A perhaps apocryphal story suggests that Mazursky got the film financed purely on the basis of describing that scene.)

All Mazursky's movies, to some degree, are about people who have to adjust to contemporary America, often people from somewhat traditional, repressed backgrounds (usually urban Jewish) who suddenly collide with all the bewildering hedonism, license and vice of post-'60s America. Here the conflict is at its most extreme. The background is really repressed (the totalitarian USSR), and the collision is really licentious (Manhattan, at its ripest and dirtiest). The saxophonist, one Vladimir Ivanoff, is something of an Americophile. He worships Duke Ellington and Johnny Hodges and sees his adopted country as a paradise of freedom, easy sex and Calvin Klein jeans. Vladimir embraces America with open arms—

and for most of his stay, America simply pummels him back. He has to take a succession of demeaning or trivial jobs; his romantic life crumbles: he is robbed and beaten. Where before he was caged in, trapped by his country's authoritarian regime, now he is set loose in a concrete, polluted jungle, and, like many another immigrant, has to battle his way to survival.

It sounds like a serious, even tragic story. In fact, like all of Mazursky's work, it's a comedy and a romance, though the ending is more troubling than almost anything he's done previously (with the possible exception of *Harry and Tonto*, where death is just around the corner). This is basically a sad story about a man whose kindness and gentle instincts make him a stranger in both strange lands, but it's done with brio, tenderness and high humor. The jokes, like the ones in *Blume in Love* or *An Unmarried Woman*, don't necessarily lose their wit or warmth just because there's more of an edge to them, just because we can see the pain and humiliation of Vladimir's circumstances.

There is something of a contradiction in *Moscow on the Hudson*—much of it is directed as a dreamlike farce, with an all-pervasive Fellini influence (especially in the circus scenes, which are impossible to watch without thinking of *The Clowns*). Perhaps because of this, a lot of the cast members mug harder than street thieves, particularly Savely Kramerov as a genial, neurasthenic KGB agent named Boris. (Before his own defection, Kramerov was known as the Jerry Lewis of Russia, and, at his most extreme, he makes you appreciate Jer-



Robin Williams as Vladimir Ivanoff

ry's subtlety and tact.) The tone of *Moscow on the Hudson* is more wildly various, more disturbing and jazzy than almost anything else Mazursky has done, and I can sympathize with the many critics and commentators who seem to think it's a terrible movie (Liking it in L.A., I found myself in the dubious company of Rex Reed and the critic for the local *Moone* paper.)

Mazursky's last film, *Tempest* (my favorite of all his work, and a movie that was also blasted by reviewers), had an equally various tone, but since the

story was dreamlike (a recapitulation of Shakespeare's play), it was easier to grab onto. Here, perhaps because of the critical and commercial failure of his last two films, Mazursky seems to be pushing harder, trying for a crowd-pleaser, racing after easy laughs. He doesn't seem comically secure. But his story, in the end, is so strong, and the emotions he's summoning up are so intense and deep, that for me the movie triumphs over its own rough edges. The rough edges, in a way, even become part of the texture. They tend to reflect the weird, crazy, comical dissociation Vladimir feels in his new-found home.

The reason this works is probably because the actor who plays Vladimir—Robin Williams—is sensationally good. This is far and away Williams' best performance; indeed, it's hard to go away from the film without accepting him as a great movie comic actor, in a league with Richard Pryor, Woody Allen and Gene Wilder. Williams is full of feeling—full of a dark, rich, Muscovite spontaneity—and he's mastered his accent so well that you see Manhattan with absolutely fresh eyes, experience everything anew.

Williams has always been a peculiar movie actor. His specialty, comic improvisations (where he's said to be the equal of Jonathan Winters), doesn't necessarily translate in a scripted film. And, like Winters, Alan Arkin and Peter Sellers, he often seems to need an accent to hide behind (His grotesque Popeye was a much better performance than his nearly naturalistic Garp.) Vladimir is both the most convincing performance Williams has ever given and one of the funniest, part of the reason may be that he's playing straight man to the rest of the cast. Reacting to everyone else—even reacting to a few actors who are exaggerated and overly broad—Williams anchors the whole movie.

Another triumph of *Moscow on the Hudson* is its view of Manhattan. Paul Mazursky is a Brooklyn boy, and he's returned to the streets of New York City time and again for his films. He's obviously enraptured with the Big Apple; I can't think of a recent movie that has captured the look, the essence or the range of the city so well. You see a bit of everything, all its incongruities, its delights, dirt, danger and ferment, from the west-side ghettos to the Plaza Hotel, from the Bowery to Bloomingdale's. Mazursky's Manhattan is a magicland—as it was in the final scene of *Tempest*—



Mazursky's New York is a magicland filled with dirt, danger, saints and sinners.



Defecting in the middle of Bloomingdales, Vladimir falls in love with a salesgirl.

and its magic isn't dissipated by the fact that we see its frowzy, threatening side as well.

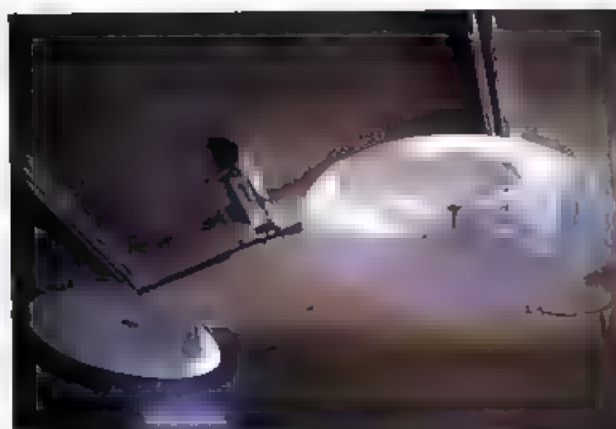
For Mazursky, Manhattan often has a symbolic significance: It's the zone of tradition, family and ethnic roots that his characters flee for the illusory promised land of the West, Hollywood and the Pacific shore. In Mazursky's movies, New York stands for roots; Los Angeles stands for license and modern hedonism. When he shows his characters moving from New York to Los Angeles, they're usually, in some sense, compromising, falling into a trap. Here, with the immigrant coming from a sort of horror-fantasy Moscow (re-created in Munich, mostly on the horrifically depressing set built for Ingmar Bergman's *The Serpent's Egg*), a different kind of symbolic migration occurs. This is the

New York where Mazursky's grandfather (another Russian immigrant) arrived at the turn of the century, and the passage of 75 years hasn't much blunted either its dangers or its promise.

For me, Mazursky's ballad of his favorite city—its horrors and humors—sings and sometimes soars. And, in the end, without skimping on criticism of Moscow or the Hudson, it does something you might have thought impossible. After every rude shock and crushed dream of the past two decades, after LBJ, Vietnam, the assassinations, Agent Orange, the Mafia, Watergate, El Salvador and all the perfidies of Big Government, Big Industry, Big Crime and Big Media, *Moscow on the Hudson* tends to make you proud of America—proud of its people and its ideals, if not of its leaders or their actions. □

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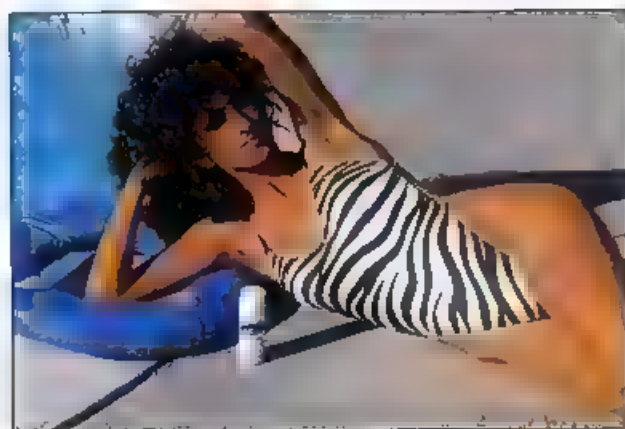
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/ continued from page 67

out there. Very few white whites, they can spoil any meal if you have to look at them, even though I'm a white white. We walked along and looked at the crab tanks. First, of course, I had demanded beer.

"Now," I told Blackman, "when you see the crab you like, you just reach in there and get it and take it to the man at the oven."

Blackman started to reach. I grabbed his hand.

"Georgie," I said, "forget it, you might want to whack-off some night. Just point out to one of the boys and he'll get it for you."

We selected our beauties and waited at a table with our beer. Somebody stuck a microphone under my face. It was Benji.

"Say something," he commanded.

"Okay," I said, "who's paying for all this?"

"Blackman."

"Good, then try this: We are trapped into circumstance and become gnarled trying to escape."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And also there's always some son of a bitch trying to give you the business on the freeway and he doesn't know who you are and he doesn't care. Worse than doesn't care: he'd just as soon kill you."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Everything conspires and very little matters. And the big things seldom—"

"Yeah? What matters?"

"What matters are the tiny things, like making sure you have enough water in your car radiator, or getting your toenails clipped, or having enough toilet paper, or an extra light bulb, things like that."

"That doesn't seem much."

"It's plenty. Handle your trivial affairs well and the gigantic matters will fall into place."

"Even death?"

"Even death will assume an almost perfect logic."

"I like that," said Benji.

"I do, too," I said, "even if it might not be true."

Then the crab was ready and we got into the crab and had more beer, then liked that so much we went for more crab for the ovens and more beer, it seemed lustful and lucky and then we packed back into the cars back to my place for more wine and then I don't

know where the rest of it went...

We all met one more time after that. Blackman came over and baked some white fish heavy with onions, and they brought some good red and we talked into the night and into the morning, it was something to do while waiting, then the movie was ready, *opening night*...

Linda and I had dinner across from the theater. There it was up on the marquee: *Songs of the Suicide Man*. We drank wine as we waited on the dinner. We had our own bottles of wine for the movie. I had an idea that we were going to need them. Many things filtered in between a book and the making of that book into a movie. Mostly egos who wouldn't let a thing be, they had to interpret it through their visions and their visions weren't very good or else they wouldn't be dumb enough to waste themselves in the movie business.

Well, we finished eating and trotted ourselves and our bags of wine across to the theater. There was a large crowd out front. We pushed into the lobby and then they were around me with their copies of *Suicide Man*. They each wanted an autograph. I had no idea so many copies had been sold. Where the hell were my royalties? It was hot in there and they jammed their copies at me. Linda was pressed against me.

"This is worse than a poetry reading," she said to me.

"Nothing," I told her, "is worse than a poetry reading."

Some guy handed me a pint of whiskey and I took a good hit.

"Keep it," the guy said, "your shit has given me a lot of laughs."

So I hit at the pint and kept signing books. Lots of young girls with my books. They slipped them under their pillows at night while they played with themselves. I went on and on signing and hitting at the pint. Whiskey and wine are a good mix: utterly stupefying.

Now there was Benji standing close by. He grabbed my arm.

"They aren't going to start the movie until you stop signing."

"This is the last book!" I yelled.

I made a drawing of a man bung-holing a dog and that was it. We pushed in. Our seats were ready. We sat down and I reached into one of the bags and uncorked a bottle of red. Then it was dark and the movie began.

Garabaldi was at a poetry reading and he was reading a poem. He had on dark shades. That was the first bad beginning and I took a good suck of the red, passed it to Linda. As the movie

rolled on it was much worse than I had expected. Garabaldi played his role as I thought he would: lax and terribly sane. As the scenes rolled on it got worse. Garabaldi kept sucking at the wine bottle but he didn't drink like he needed it and he never got drunk. The purpose of wine is to get you drunk and make you forget. Well, Garabaldi forgot: he forgot to act. Then he meets Eva Mutton in a bar. She just wasn't the bar type. She was more like a brooding fashion model who was unable to open her mouth because she had a forked tongue.

The movie got so bad that I had to relieve myself. I started screaming things at the actors, giving them directions. But they wouldn't obey me. I kept trying.

Finally some guy screamed at me, "Why the hell don't you shut up?"

"I'm Chinaski!" I screamed back. "If anybody's got a right to yell at this movie, it's me! Why don't you shut up?"

The movie rolled on and Garabaldi never did get drunk. At the end he's down at the beach and he's holding on to the legs of this teenybopper who is in a bathing suit. The waves break behind them and the wind furls through Garabaldi's hair. Then he begins to recite a poem about the atom bomb which I wrote a couple of decades ago. He goes on about how pitiless and dumb we are to each other to set up this trap. He infers that we've done this to ourselves in the long-ago past, more than once we've blown our chances to shit, and won't we ever stop? Then he glances up the girl's legs as the waves break and the gulls whirl.

"Blow it to hell!" I yelled, and the movie ended to a tinkling of applause to which my hands did not add.

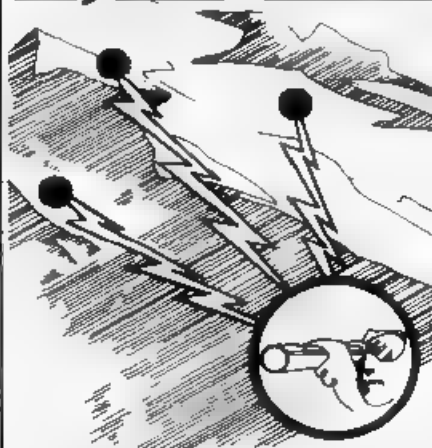
We got out of there and I found myself in a bar with Blackman, Benji and crew; we were at a table and Linda was suggesting that I become mute. Somehow, being friendly, I had insulted the waiter. People wearied me, they were continually insulted; if you didn't feed them standard lines for standard situations they took it as an affront.

We drank for some time and they just kept pumping up the movie and I started talking about other things, the horses and the boxing matches, but they just sat about pumping up the movie, not wanting it to fail because that meant they had failed, tied in with a loser. Tough. Well.

Next I knew, Linda and I were out of there and were driving along on the freeway but we were lost. I had no idea what freeway it was. But we still had

/ continued on next page

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MAD

/ continued from previous page

wine and cigarettes. It started to rain. Vision was bad but not so bad that I couldn't make out the red lights in the rearview mirror. I pulled over.

I failed the tests and next I knew the handcuffs were in back of me. Then they had me stretched out in the road, the cuffs biting into me from underneath. I was in a river of water. It ran through my pants and into my shorts. There were four, five or six cops in yellow raincoats, a couple of them were bopping their flashlights about. They were talking to Linda who wasn't sober either.

"Hey!" I yell up from the road, "I'm the greatest writer of the twentieth century! Is this how you treat your immortals?"

One of the cops walked over and put his flash on me.

"You write, huh? What do you write?"

"Dirty stories. I'm up for the Nobel prize."

Then I was in the backseat of one of the cop cars with Linda. One of the cops was driving my car.

"This is terrible," said Linda. "What's going to happen to us?"

She was not as used to the cops as I was.

"It'll be all right," I told her.

Next, it was very strange. I had blacked out. When I came to, the cuffs were off. Linda and I were sitting in the front seat of my car. We were in a large parking area behind a police station somewhere.

"Linda," I asked, "where are the cops?"

"I don't know."

I looked for my keys. My keys were gone. They'd taken my keys.

"Linda, do you have my keys?"

"No. And they've taken mine, too."

I didn't understand the whole procedure.

"Maybe we got a break," I said. "Maybe they are going to let us sit here and sober up."

"I think we should," she said.

"Bullshit," I said.

I was a key-freak. I always carried an extra car key in one of my rear pockets. I only hoped it was still there. I reached back there into that wet pocket and there it was!

"We're saved," I said, "we're getting out of here!"

"No, no! I don't want you driving like this! You'll kill us!"

She was freaked, the cops had her freaked.

I put the key into the ignition and

turned the car over. God, I felt great!

"No, no! Don't do this!" said Linda.

"Boy, are those guys going to be surprised!"

I pulled out of there and we were on the road and then I spotted a freeway and we got onto the freeway.

"You're going too fast!" Linda screamed.

"Nonsense," I said.

"Too fast! Too fast!"

Then I heard this awesome and terrible scream. Linda was upon me, ripping my face with her fingernails and continuing to scream. I couldn't ward her off because it was still raining and I had to hold the wheel. She ripped me good, finally relented, and we drove along. Then I began to see exit signs which I recognized. We were no longer lost. In fact, we were quite close to where we wanted to be. It wasn't long before we were pulling into the driveway. Then, being a key-freak, I went to the glove compartment, found the house key and we were in. Linda went up to bed. I sat downstairs rubbing my face with a wet towel and drinking a beer, still feeling high from the escape...

The next day I stuck my finger in the phone book and made an appointment to get a tetanus shot. It was a long hall full of drunks and beat-up guys. It was a merchant-marine hangout. A girl handed me a long paper to fill out. I handed it right back.

"Aren't you a seaman?" she asked.

"How do you spell that?" I asked.

There, she was affronted. I'd done it again.

I sat in a small room for 30 minutes. Then a nurse came in and gave me my shot.

"A woman did that, right?" she asked.

"Right."

"You'll go back to her, you'll see."

"I haven't left yet."

All that was over a year ago. I don't hear any more about *Songs of the Suicide Man*. I suppose it's shelved for good. The upshot is that it made a tremendous amount of money in Italy but I haven't seen a dime of my percentage cut. Meanwhile, another producer has come by. He's from Spain. And he's paid the advance. He wants to do five of my short stories and each one is going to be done with a different director, one from Spain, one from Germany, one from France, one from Japan and one from the United States. Each in their own language. He came by one night and talked about it. I drank through the night. He didn't. It was very strange. I'll let you know. © Copyright 1984 by Charles Bukowski

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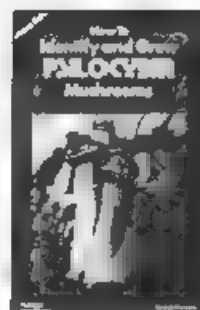
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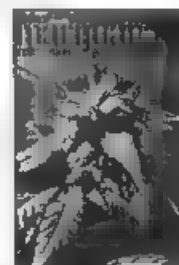
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G.I. JOE

/ continued from page 79

the DOD complains repeatedly in this report. "Little meaningful training" can be wrung for military personnel out of dope-stopping runs: "Smuggling targets are relatively slow and small, and do not adequately train military crews to intercept enemy movements." And they never shoot back, either. The DOD is supposed to be on the lookout for whole hostile armadas and flight groups, not lonesome old busted-up shrimp boats and Lockheed Lodestars, manned by scared and seasick *marimba* mules.

Luckily, the DOD also has a built-in defense system of its own against this sort of odious foolishness, even if the White House pulls it on them. "DOD policy," the GAO notes with some interest, "requires reimbursement for assistance provided for law enforcement, if such assistance is not part of a normal military activity."

Since dope-stopping is definitely not a normal activity for the U.S. military, the Pentagon stands to pull in a good deal of cash if Bush's Drug War ever really cranks up into full paramilitary tilt. Did you know that it costs \$34,000 a day to operate a naval destroyer, for fuel and oil alone? An AWACS costs \$15,000 an hour to run, and even a mere E-2C costs \$2,100 per hour. "Reimbursement could seriously strain civilian law-enforcement budgets," the GAO thoughtfully points out. The army is dead serious, they say, about collecting that \$2-million-plus from Customs for those two OV-10s busted during the Thunderbolt clown show.

"Military officials said that occasional support of law enforcement as part of ongoing military activities does not adversely affect training, but long-term commitment of military resources could hurt training and other military preparedness factors." You don't ever tell the Pentagon what to do, that is, even if drugs are involved, the GAO counsels. "DOD officials are concerned that long-term dedicated military missions for law enforcement, or loaning certain sophisticated military equipment, could result in a degradation of military preparedness."

And that is the end of that, good buddy, at least for this quadrennial efficiency assessment of the drug-enforcement scene by the U.S. Comptroller General's bookkeepers. As long as the Pentagon doesn't want to dirty itself with narcotics, it will be very inefficient for anyone to try to prod them into it. □

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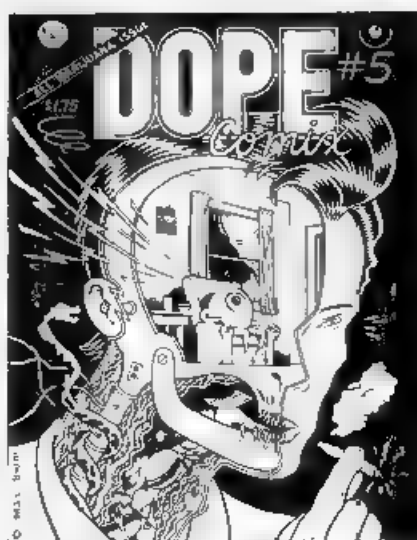
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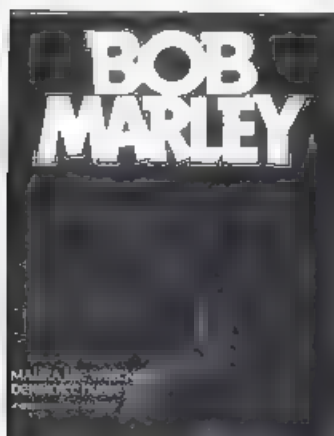
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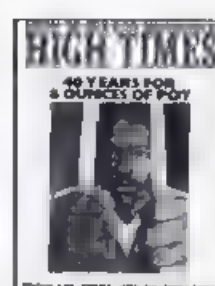
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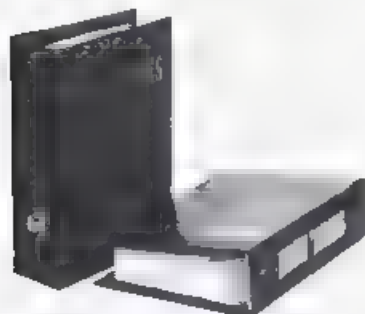
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High Times

AUGUST 1984



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